



Amends for Ladies.

A COMEDIE.

As it was acted at the *Blacke-Fryers*,
both by the PRINCES Seruants, and
the Lady ELIZABETHS.

By *Nat. Field.* *K*



LONDON:

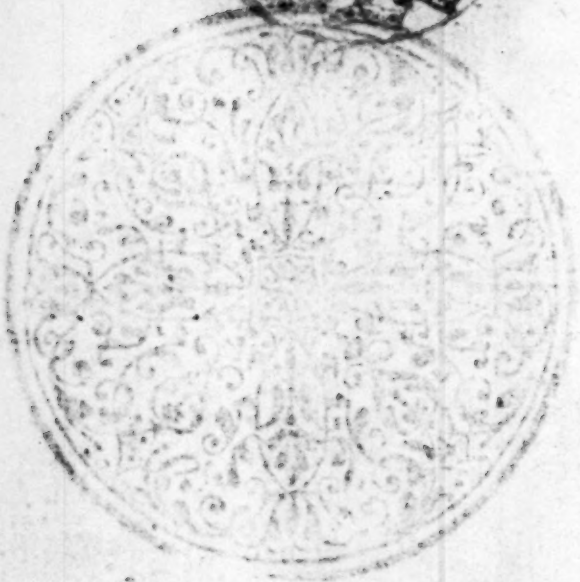
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AMENDS FOR LADIES.

A COMEDIE.

Actus primi Scæna prima.

*Enter the Lady HONOR, the Lady PERFECT,
the Lady BRIGHT.*

Maid.



Wife the happiest state ? It cannot be.

Wife. Yes, such a wife as I, that haue a man
As if my selfe had made him : such a one
As I may iustly say, I am the rib
Belonging to his brest. Widow and Maide,
Your liues compar'd to mine are miserable,
Though wealth and beautie meete in each of you.
Poore virgin, all thy sport is thought of loue,
And meditation of a man, the time
And circumstance ere thou canst fixe thy thoughts
On one thy fancy will approue.

Maid. That trouble already may be past.

Wife. Why if it be.

The doubt, hee will not hold his brittle faith,
That he is not a competible choise,
And so your noble friends will crosse the match,
Doth make your happinesse vncertaine still:

Amends for Ladies.

Or say you married him, what hee would proue.
Can you compare your state then to a Wife?

Maide. Nay, all the freedome that a virgin hath
Is much to be prefer'd. Who would endure
The humours of so insolent a Thing
As is a husband? Which of all the Heard
Runs not possessed with some notorious vice,
Drinking or whoring, fighting, Icalousie,
Euen of a Page at twelue, or of a Groome,
That rubs horse-heeles? Is it not daily scene,
Men take wiues, but to dresse their meate, to wash
And starch their linnen: for the other matter
Of lying with them, that's but when they please:
And whatsoere the ioy be of the bed,
The pangs that follow procreation
Are hideous, or you wiues haue guld your husbands
With your loud shriekings, and your deathfull throes.
A Wife or Widow to a Virgins life?

Widow. Why should the best of you thinke yee inioy
The rest and rule, that a free widow doth?
I am mine owne commander, and the blisse
Of wooers, and of each varietie
Frequents me, as I were a maide. No Brother
Haue I to dice my patrimony away, as you
My maiden Madame may. No husbands death
Stand I in doubt on: for thanks be to heauen
(If mine were good) the grievous losse of him
Is not to come; if hee were bad, hee's gone,
And I no more embrace my iniury.
But be yours ill, you mightly claspe your hate;
Or good, why he may dye, or change his vertue.
And thou (though single) hast a bed-fellow
As bad as the worst husband, thought of one,
And what that is, men with their wiues do doe,
And long expectance till the deed be done.
"A wife is like a garment vsde and torne:
"A maide like one made vp, but neuer worne.

Maide.

Maide.
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Amends for Ladies.

Maide. "A widow is a garment worne thred-bare,
Selling at second hand, like Brokers ware.

But let vs speake of things the present time
Make happy to vs, and see what is best.
I haue a seruant then the crowne of men,
The fountaine of Humanitie, the prize
Of euery vertue, Morall and Diuine;
Young, valiant, learned, well-borne, rich and shap'd
As if wise Nature when she fashioned him,
Had meant to giue him nothing but his forme,
Yet all additions are conferr'd on him,
That may delight a woman: this same youth
To me hath sacrific'd his heart, yet I
Haue checkt his suite, laught at his worthy seruice,
Made him the exercise of my crueltie,
Whilst constant as the Sunne, for all these clouds
His loue goes on.

Enter INGEN.

Widow. Peace, here's the man you name.

Wife. Widow. Wee'll stand aside.

Ing. Good morrow to the glory of our age. *{ Meeting the*
The Lady Perfect, and the Lady Bright, { Wife & Wid.
The vertuous wife and widow: but to you
The Lady Honor, and my Mistresse.
The happinesse of your wishes.

Maid. By this light, I neuer heard one speake so scuriously,
Vtter such stale wit, and pronounce so ill.
But to you,

My Lady Honor, and my Mistresse,
The happinesse of your wishes.

Ingen. Stop your wit,
You would faine shew these Ladies what a hand
You hold ouer your seruant, T' shall not neede,
I will expresse your tyranny well enough.
I haue lou'd this Lady since I was a childe,
Since I could construe *Amo*: now she saies
I doe not loue her, 'cause I doe not weepe,

Lay

Amends for Ladies.

Lay mine armes ore my heart, and weare no garters,
Walke with mine eyes in my hat, sigh, and make faces
For all the Poets in the towne to laugh at,
Poze a this howling loue, ti's like a dogg
Shut out at midnight. Must loue needs be poudred,
Lie steep in brine; or will it not keepe sweet?
Is it like beefe in sommer?

Maid. Did you euer
Heare one talke fustian like a Butcher thus?

Ingen. T'is foolish, this same telling folkes we loue,
It needs no words, t'will show it selfe in deeds,
And did I take you for an entertainer,
A Lady that will wring one by the finger,
Whil'st on anothers toes shee treads, and cries
By Gad I loue but one, and you are hee:
Either of them thinking himselfe the man,
I'de tell you in your eare, put for the busines,
Which graunted, or denied, Maddam God b'wee.

Maid. Come these are daily slaunders that you raise,
On our infirme and vnresisting Sexe,
You neuer met I am sure with such a Lady.

Ingen. Oh many by this light, I haue seene a Chamber
Frequented like an office of the Law,
Clients succede at midnight one another:
Whil'st the poore Maddam hath beene so distrest,
Which of her Loues to show most countenance to,
That hir dull Husband ha's perceiu'd her wiles.

Maid. Nay perhaps taught her, many of those Husbands
Are base enough
To liue vpon't.

Ingen. I haue seene another of'em
Cheat by this light at Cardes, and set her women,
To talke to the Gentlemen that plaid,
That so distracted they might ouer see.

Maid. Oh fie vpon yee, I dare sweare you lie.

Ingen. Doe not faire Mistresse, you will be forsworne.

Maid. You men are all foule mouth'd, I warrant, you

Talke

Amends for Ladies.

Talke thus of me and other Ladies here,
Because we keepe the Cittie.

Ingen. Oh prophane.

That thought would damne me, will you marrie yet?

Maid. No I will neuer marry.

Ingen. Shall we then

Couple vnlawfully? for indeed this marrying
Is but proclaiming what we meane to doe;
Which may be done priuatly, in ciuill sort
And none the wiser, and by this white hand La:
The wrack, Strapado, or the boiling boote,
Should neuer force me tell to wrong your honor.

Maid. May I belecue this?

Ingen. Let it bee your Creed.

Maid. But if you should proue false. Nay ne'er vnhang
Your sword, except you meane to hang your selfe:
Why where haue you beene drinking? sfoot you talke
Like one of these same rambling boies,
That raigne in Turnebull-street,

Ingen. How doe you know?

Maid. Indeed my knowledge, is but speculatiue
Not practique there, I haue it by Relation,
From such obseruers as your selfe deare Seruant,
I must professe, I did thinke well of thee,
But get thee from my sight, I neuer more
Will heare or see thee, but will hate thee deadly,
As a man enemy, or a woman turn'd. { Enter Wid-
Ladies come forth, see Sir what Curtesie { dow, Wife.
You haue done to mee, a strange praise of you
Had newly left my lips, iust, as you entred,
And how you haue deseru'd it, with your carriage?
Villain, thou hast hurt mine honor to these friends,
For what can they imagine but some ill
Hath past betwixt vs by thy broad discourse?
Were my case theirs, by Virgin Chastity,
I should condemne them: hence, depart my sight.

Ingen. Madam, but here mee, oh that these were men,

B

And

Amends for Ladies.

And durst but say or thinke you ill, for this
I haue so good a cause vpon my side,
That I would cut their hearts out of their breasts:
And the thoughts out of them that iniur'd you.
But I obey your best, and for my pennance,
Will run a course neuer to see you more,
And now I loose you, may I loose the light:
Since in that beauty dwelt my day or night. *Exit Ingon.*

Widd. Is this the vertuous youth?

Wife. Your happines?

Widd. Wherein you thought your seat so far 'boue ours,

Maid. If one man could be good, this had beene hee.

*Enter SVBTLE, HUSBAND, FEESIMPLE,
WEL-TRID.*

See here comes all your sutors, and your Husband,
Audkroome for Laughter, heer's the Lord *Feesimple*,
What Gentlewoman do's hee bring along?

Enter HUSBAND, embracing SVBTLE, the Lord FEESIMPLE, with young BOULD like a waiting Gentlewoman. VVEL-TRID, HUSB: SVBTLE talke with WIFE.

Fees. One and thirty good-morrows to the fairest, wisest, chasteest, richest *Widdow* that euer conuersation coapt withall.

Widd. Three score and two vnto the wisest Lord, That euer was train'd in vniuersitie.

Feesimp. Oh Curteous, bounteous Widow, shee ha's out-bid me 31. Good morrowes at a clap.

Wels. But my Lord *Feesimple* you forgot the busines impos'd on you.

Fees. Gentlewoman, I crie thee mercie, but ti's a fault in all Lords, not in mee only, we doe vse to sweare by our Honors: and as we are Noble, to dispatch such a businesse for such a Gentleman and wee are bound, euen by the same Honors wee sware by, to forget it in a quarter of an houre.

And

Amends for Ladies.

And looke as if wee had neuer scene the Partie, when wee meete next, especially if none of our Gentlemen haue bin considered.

Welt. I, but all your's haue, for you keepe none my Lord: Besides though it stands with your Honor to forget mens busineses; yet it stands not with your Honor, if you doe not doe a womans.

Feefi. Why then Maddam, so it is that I request your Ladiship to accept into your seruice this Gentlewoman, for her truth & honestie I will be bound, I haue knowne her too long to be deceiu'd, this is the second time I haue scene her.

Maid. Why how now my Lord: a prefferer of Gentlewomen to seruice like an old knitting woman? where hath Shee dwelt before.

Feefi. Shee dwelt with young *Boulds* sister, hee that is my Corriuall in your Loue, she requested me to aduance her to You; for you are a dub'd Lady: so is not shee yet.

Welt. But now you talk of yong *Bould*, when did you see him Lady?

Wid. Not this month Maister *Well-tri'd*.
I did coniure him to forbear my sight:
Indeed swore if he came I'd be denied,
But tis strange you should aske for him, yee two were wont neuer to be asunder.

Welt. Faith Maddam we neuer were together but wee differd on some argument or other,
And doubting least our discord might at length
Breed to some quarrell, I forbear him to.

Feefi. He quarrell? *Bould*: hang him, if he durst haue quarrel'd, the world knowes hee's within a mile of an oke ha's put him too't, and soundly, I neuer car'd for him in my life, but to see his sister, hee's an asse, pox an arrant asse, for doe you thinke any but an arrant asse, would offer to come a wooing, where a Lord atemptes? he quarrell: hee dares not quarrell.

Welt. But hee dares fight my Lord, vpon my knowledge,
And raile no more my Lord, behind his back,

Amends for Ladies.

For if you doe my Lord bloud must insue.

Drawes.

Fees. Oh, oh my honor dies, I am dead.

Welt. Vd'slight whats the matter, wring him by the nose

Widd. A paire of riding spurs now were worth gold,

Maid. Pins are as good, prick him, prick him

Feesm. Oh, oh.

Wife. Hee's come againe, lift him vp.

Omnes. How fares your Lordship?

Fees. Oh friends, you haue wrong'd my spirit to call it
backe, I was ee'n in Elizium at rest.

Welt. But why fir did you sowne?

Fees. Well though I die Maister *Wel-tri'd* before all these
I doe forgieue you, because you were ignorant of my infir-
mitie, oh fir, i'st not vp yet, I die againe, put vp now whil'st
I winke, or I doe winke for euer.

Welt. Ti's vp my Lord, ope your eies, but I pray tell mee
Is this antipathie twixt bright Steele and you naturall, or
how grew it?

Fees. Il'e tell you fir, any thing bright and edg'd, works
thus strongly with me, your hilts now I can handle as bold-
lie, looke you else.

Knight. Nay neuer blame my Lord, Maister *Well-tri'd*, for
I know a great manie will sowne at the sight of a shoulder
of mutton or a quarter of Lambe, my Lord may be excus'd
then, for a naked sword.

Welt. This Lord, and this knight in dogge-collers would
make a fine brace of beagles.

Maid. But on my faith twas mightily ouerseene of your
father, not to bring you vp to foyles, or if hee had bound
you Prentise to a Cutler or an Ire-monger.

Fees. I a poxe, hang him old gouty toole, he neuer brought
me vp to any Lordly exercise, as fencing, dancing, tumbling,
and such like: but forsooth I must write and reade, & speake
languages, and such base qualities, fit for none but Gentle-
men. Now fir would I tell him, Father you are a Count, I
am a Lo: a poxe a writing and reading, and languages, let
mee be brought vp as I was borne.

Subile.

Amends for Ladies.

Subtle. But how my Lord came you first not to indure the sight of Steele.

Feesi. Why I'll tell you Sir, when I was a child, an infant, an Innocent.

Maid. T'was e'ne now.

Feesi. I being in the kitchin, in my Lo: my fathers house, the Cooke was making minc'd pyes: so sir, I standing by the Dresser, there lay a heape of plumis. Here was hee mincing; what did mee I sir, being a notable little witty coxcombe, but popt my hand iust vnder his chopping knife, to snatch some Reysins, and so was cut ore the hand, and neuer since could I endure the sight of any edge-toole.

Wid. Indeede they are not fit for you my Lord, and now you are all so well satisfied in this matter, pray Ladies now like you this my Gentlewoman?

Maid. In troth Maddam exceeding well I, if you be provided, pray let me haue her.

Wife. It should be my request, but that I am full.

Wid. What can you doe? What's her name my Lord?

Feesi. Her name? I know not. What's her name Mr. Well-try'd?

Weltr. Her name? sliid, tell my Lady your name.

Bould. Mistresse *Mary Princox* forsooth.

Wid. Mistresse *Mary Princox*: she has wit, I perceiue that already. Mee thinkes she speakes as if she were a my Lords brood.

Bould. Brood Maddame, 'tis well knowne I am a Gentlewoman. My father was a man of 500. *per annum*, and hee held something *in Capite* too.

Wels. So does my Lord, something.

Feesi. Nay, by my troth, what I hold *in capite* is worth little or nothing.

Bould. I haue had apt breeding, how euer my misfortune now makes me submit my selfe to seruice: but there is no ebbe so low, but hath his tyde againe: when our dayes are at worst, they will mend in spight of the frowning Destinies, For wee cannot be lower then earth, and the same

Amends for Ladies.

blinde Dame that hath cast her bleare eyes hitherto vpon my occasions, may turne her wheele, and at last winde them vp with her white hand to some pinnacle that prosperously may flourish in the Sunne-shine of promotion.

Fees. Oh mouth, full of agilitie, I would giue 20. Markes now to any person that could teach mee to conuey my tongue (sance stumbling) with such dexteritie to such a period. For her truth and her honesty I am bound before, but now I haue heard her talke, for her wit I will be bound body and goods.

Wid. V^dsflight, I will not leaue her for my hood. I neuer met with one of these eloquent old Gentlewomen before. What age are you Mistresse *Mary Princex*?

Bould. I will not lye Maddam, I haue numbred 57. Summers, and iust so many winters haue I past.

Subs. But they haue not past you, they lye frozen in your face.

Bould. Maddam, if it shall please you to entertaine me, so: if not, I desire you not to misconstrue my good will, there's no harme done, the doore's as big as it was, and your Ladyships owne wishes crowne your beauty with content. As for these frumping Gallants, let them doe their worst: it is not in mans power to hurt mee: 'tis well knowne I come not to be scoff'd. A woman may beare and beare till her backe burst. I am a poore Gentlewoman, and since vertue has now a dayes no other companion but pouerty, I set the Hares head against the Goole giblets, and what I want one way I hope I shall be inabled to supply the other.

Fees. A'nt please God, that thou wert not past children;

Wid. Ist e'ne so my Lord? nay good *Princex* do not crie, I doe entertaine you, how doe you occupie? what can you vse?

Bould. Any thing fit to be put into the hands of a Gentlewoman.

Wid. What are your qualities?

Bould. I can sleepe on a low stoole, if your Lady-ship be talking in the same roome with any Gentle-man, I can reade
on

Amends for Ladies.

on a booke, sing loue songs, looke vp at the loouer light,
heare and be deafe, see and be blind, be euer dumb to your
secrets, sweare and equiuocate, and whatsoeuer I spie, say
the best.

Wid. Oh rare Croane? how art thou endu'd? but why did
Master *Boulds* sister put you away?

Bould. I beseech you Madame to neglect that desire,
though I know your Lady-ships vnderstanding to be suffici-
ent to partake or take in the greatest secret; can be imparted:
yet.——

Wid. Nay prithee tell the cause, come heer's none but
freinds.

Bould. Faith Madame, heigh ho, I was (to confesse truly)
a little foolish in my last seruice, to beleue mens oaths, but
I hope my example, though preiudiciall to my selfe, will be
beneficiall to other yong Gentle-women in seruice, my mi-
stresses brother (the Gentle-man you nam'd e'now, master
Bould) hauing often attempted my honor, but finding it im-
pregnable, vow'd loue, and marriage to me, at the last, I, a
yong thing and raw, being seduced, set my minde vpon him,
but friends contradicting the match, I fell into a greiuous
consumption, and vpon my first recouerie, least the intended
sacred ceremonies of Nuptials should succede, his sister
knowing this, thought it fit in her iudgement, we should be
farther a sunder, and so put me out of her seruice.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha.

Wid. God a mercie for this discouerie ifaith,
Oh man what art thou? when thy cock is vp? come wil your
lordship walke in? tis dinner time. *[Enter hastily M. Seldome]*

Omnes. Whose this? whose this? *[with papers on his arme.]*

Maid. This is our Land-lord, Master *Seldome*,
An exceeding wise Citizen, a very sufficient vnderstanding
man, and exceeding rich. *Om.* Miracles are not ceasd.

Wid. Good morrow Land-lord, where haue you beene
sweating?

Seld. Good morrow to your Honors, thrift is industrious,
your Lady-ship knowes we will not sticke to sweat for our
pleasures,

Amends for Ladies.

pleasures, how much more ought wee to sweat for our profits? I am come from master *Ingen* this morning, who is married or to be married, and though your Ladyships did not honor his Nuptials with your presence, he hath by me sent each of you a paire of gloues, and *Grace Seldome* my wife is not forgot.

Exit.

Omnes. God giue him ioy, God giue him ioy. *Exeunt.*

Maid. Let all things most impossible change now.

Oh periur'd man! oathes are but words I see.

But wherefore should not we that thinke we loue

Vpon full meritt, that same worth once ceasing

Surceale our loue to, and finde new desert?

Alas we cannot, loue's a pit, which, when

We fall into we ne're get out againe,

And this same horrid newes which me assaults

I would forget, loue blanches blackest faults:

Oh! what path shall I treade for remedie?

But darkest shades, where loue with death doth lie. *Exit.*

Manent HUSBAND, WIFE, SVBTLE.

Wife. Sir I haue often heard my husband speake of your acquaintance.

Husb. Nay my vertuous wife,

Had it beene but acquaintance, this his absence

Had not appear'd so vncongh, but we two

Were Schoole-fellowes together, borne and nurs'd,

Brought vp, and liu'd since like the Gemins,

Had but one suck, the Tauerne or the Ordinarie.

Ere I was married, that saw one of vs

Without the other, said we walk't by halfes,

Where deere, deere friend haue you beene all this while?

Subt. Oh most sweet friend the World's so vicious,

That had I with such familiaritie

Frequented you since you were married,

Possess'd and vs'd your fortunes as before,

As in like maner you commanded mine,

The deprauid thoughts of men would haue proclaim'd

Some scandalous rumors from this loue of ours,

As

Amends for Ladies.

As saying, mine reflected on your Ladie,
And what a wound had that beene to our soules?
When only friend-ship should haue beene the ground
To hurt her Honor, and your confident peace,
Spight of mine owne approu'd integritie.

Husb. Wife, kisse him, bid him welcome pox o'th World,
Come, come you shall not part from me in hast,
I doe command thee vse this Gentle-man
In all things like my selfe, if I should die
I would bequeath him in my will to thee.

Wife. Sir, you are most welcome, & let scandalous tongues
No more deterre you, I dare vse you Sir,
With all the right belonging to a friend,
And what I dare, I dare let all men see
My conscience rather, then mens thoughts be free.

Husb. Will you looke in?
Wee'le follow you. Now friend
What thinke you of this Ladie?

Exit, Wife.

Subt. Why sweet friend,
That you are happie in her, shee is faire,
Wittie and vertuous, and was rich to you,
Can there be an addition to a wife?

Husb. Yes, constancie, for t'is not chastitie
That liues remote from all attempters free,
But there, t'is strong and pure where all that wooc
It doth resist, and turnes them vertuous too;
Therefore deere friend, by this, loues masculine kisse,
By all our mutuall engagements past,
By all the hopes of amitie to come,
Be you the setler of my jealous thoughts,
And make me kill my fond suspect of her,
By assurance that shee is loyall, otherwise
That shee is false, and then, as shee's past cure,
My soule shall euer after be past care.
That you are fittest for this enterprize
You must needs vnderstand, since prooue shee true
(In this your tryall) you my dearest friend,
(Whom onely, rather than the World besides

Amends for Ladies.

I would haue satisfied of her vertue) shall be,
And best conceale my folly, proue shee weake,
T'is better you should know't than any man,
Who can reforme her, and doe me no wrong,
Chimicall metals, and bright gold it selfe
By sight are not distinguisht, but by'th test,
Thought makes good wiues, but triall makes the best:
To the vnskilfull owners eies, alike
The Bristow sparkles as the Diamond,
But by a Lapidarie the truth is found,
Come you shall not denie me.

Subt. Doe not wrong
So faire a wife (friend) and so vertuous,
Whose good name is a theame vnto the World,
Make not a wound with searching where was none,
Misfortune still such projects doth pursue,
He makes a false wife, that suspects a true;
Yet since you so importune, giue me leaue
To ruminate a while, and I will straight
Follow and giue you an answer. *Husb.* You must do it. *Exit.*

Subt. Assure your selfe deere—Coxcombe, I will do't
Or strangely be denied, all's as I wisht,
This was my aime, although I haue seem'd strange.
I know this fellow now to be an Ass;e;
A most vnworthie husband though in view
He beare himselfe thus faire, shee knowes this too,
Therefore the stronger are my hopes to gaine her:
And my deere friend that will haue your wife tri'd'e,
I'll trie her first, then thrust her if I can,
And as you said most wisely I hoped to be
Both Touch-stone to your wife and Lapidarie. *Exit.*

Actus secundi Scæna prima.

Enter SELDOME his WIFE working as in their shop.

Grace. **H**usband these gloues are not fit for my wearing,
I'll put 'em into the shop and sell 'em, you shall
giue me a plaine paire for them.

Seld.

Amends for Ladies.

Seld. This is wonderfull, wonderfull, this is thy sweet care and iudgement in all things, this goodnesse is not vsuall in our wiues, well *Grace Seldome*, that thou art faire is nothing, that thou art well spoken is nothing, that thou art wittie is nothing, that thou art a Citizens wife is nothing; but *Grace*, that thou art faire, that thou art well spoken, that thou art wittie, that thou art a Citizens wife, and that thou art honest I say, and let any man denie it that can, it is something, it is something, I say, it is *Seldomes* something, and for all the Sunne-shine of my joy mine eyes must raine vpon thee.

Enter MALL with a Letter.

Mall. By your leaue Master *Seldome*, haue you done the hangers I bespake for the Knight?

Seld. Yes marrie haue I Mistris *hic & hac*, i'll fetch 'em to you. *Exit.*

Mall. Z'ooness, does not your husband know my name, if it had beene some bodie else I would haue cal'd him Cuckoldlie slaue.

Grace. If it had been some bodie else perhaps you might.

Mall. Well I may be euen with him, all's cleere; pritie rogue I haue long'd to know thee this twelue moneths, and had no other meanes but this to speake with thee, there's a letter to thee from the partie.

Grace. What partie?

Mall. The Knight Sir *Iohn Louall*.

Grace. Hence lewd impudent
I know not what to tearme thee man or woman,
For nature shaming to acknowledge thee
For either; hath produc'd thee to the World
Without a sexe, some say thou art a woman,
Others a man; and many thou art both
Woman and man, but I thinke rather neither
Or man and horse, as the old Centaures were faign'd.

Mall. Why how now Mistris, what lack yee? are you so fine with a poxe? I haue seene a woman looke as modestly as you, and speake as sincerely, and follow the Fryars as zealously, and shee has beene as sound a jumbler as e're paid for't, it is true *Mrs. Fipenie*, I haue sworne to leaue this letter.

Amends for Ladies.

Grace. D'ee heare, you sword and target (to speake in your owne key) *Marie Umbree, Long-Meg,*
Thou that in thy selfe (me think'ft) alone
Look'ft like a rogue and a whore vnder a hedge:
Bawd, take your letter with you and begone,
When next you come (my Husband's Constable)
And Bridewell is hard by, y'auc a good wit,
And can conceiue.

Enter SELDOME with hangers.

Seld. Looke you, heere are the hangers.

Mall. Let's see them.

Fie, fie, you haue mistooke me quite,

They are not for my turne (b'y mistris *Seldome*)

Exit.

Enter Lord PROVDLIE.

Grace. Heere's my Lord *Proudlie.*

Lo. Proud. My Horse Laquey, is my sister *Honor* aboute?

Seld. I thinke her Ladiship, my Lord, is not well, and keeps her Chamber.

Proud. Al's one, I must see her, haue the other La. din'd?

Grace. I thinke not my Lord.

Proud. Then i'll take a pipe of Tobacco heere in your shop if it be not offensive, I would be loath to be thought to come iust at dinner time. *Garsoon; fill, firrah,*

Enter PAGE with a pipe of Tobacco.

What said the Gold-Smith for the money?

Seldome hauing fetch a candle, walk's off at th' other end of the Shop, Lord sits by his wife.

Page. He said my Lord he would lend no man money that he durst not arrest.

Proud. How got that wit into Cheape-side'tro, hee is a Cuckold.

Saw you my Ladie to day, what saies shee? *Takes Tobacco*

Page. Marry my Lord, shee said her old husband had a great payment to make this morning, and had not left her so much as a jewell.

Proud. Apoxe of her old Cats chops, the teeth shee had, haue made a transmigration into haire, shee hath a bigger beard than I by this light.

Seld.

Amends for Ladies.

Sel. This custome in vs Cittizens is good,
Thus walking off when men talk with our wiues,
It shew's vs curteous, and manneily,
Some count it basenesse, hee's a foole that does so,
It is the highest point of pollicie
Espetiallie when we haue vertuous wiues.

Gr. Fie, fie, you talke vnciuillie my Lord.

Pr. Vnciuillie, mew, can a Lord talke vnciuillie? I thinke
you a finicall raffatae pipkin may be proud ile sit so neare it,
vnciuillie mew.

Gr. Your mothers Cat ha's kitten'd in your mouth sure:

Pr. Prithee but note yon Fellow, do's he not walke & look
as if hee did desire to be a Cuckold?

Gr. But you doe not looke as if you could make him one,
now they haue dind my Lord.

Enter Lord Feesimple, Maister Wel-tri'd.

Fees. God saue your Lordship.

Pr. How dost thou Coze, hast thou got any more wit yet?

Fees. No by my troth I haue but litle money with that
litle wit I haue, and the more wit euer the lesse money, yet
as litle as I haue of either: I would giue some thing that I
durst but quarrell,

I would not be abused thus daily as I am.

Wel. Saue you my Lord.

Pr. Good Maister *Wel-tri'd*, you can informe mee, pray
how ended the quarrell betwixt yong *Bould*, and the other
Gentleman.

Wel. Why very fairelie my Lord, on honorable tearmes,
Young *Bould* was iniur'd and did challenge him,
Fought in the field, and the other gaue him satisfaction
Vnder his hand, I was *Boulds* second, and can shew it heere.

Pr. Tis strange there was no hurt done, yet I hold
the other Gentleman, farr the better Man.

Wel. So doe not I.

Pr. Besides they say the satisfaction that walks in the Or-
dinaries, is counter-feit.

Wel. He lies that saies so, and ile make it good,
And for I know my frend is out of towne,

Amends for Ladies.

What Man soeuer wrongs him is my foe,
I say he had full satisfaction,
Nay that which wee may call submission :
That the other sought peace first, and who denies this,
Lord, Knight, or Gentleman, English, French, or Scot,
I'll fight and proue it on him with my sword.

Feesi. No sweet Maister *Well-tri'd*, let's haue no fighting
till (as you haue promis'd) you haue rid me from this foolish
feare, and taught mee to endure to looke vppon a naked
Sword.

Welt. Well and it'll be as good as my word.

Feesi. But doe you heare Cozen *Proudly*? they say my old
Father must marrie your sister *Honor*, and that hee will dis-
inherit me, and intaile all his Lordships on her, and the heire
he shall beget on her bodie, is't true or not?

Proudly. There is such a report.

Feesi. Why then I pray God he may die an ould Cuckold-
lie slaue, oh world what art thou? where is Parents loue?
Can he denie me for his naturall Child,
Yet see (oh fornicator) ould and stiffe,
Not where he should be, that's my comfort yet,
As for you my Lord: I will send to you as soone as I dare
fight and looke vppon Steele, which Maister *Wel-tri'd* I pray
let be with all possible speede.

Pr. What d'ee this afternoone.

Feesi. Faith I haue a great mind to see long-megg and the
ship at the Fortune.

Pr. Nay afaith let's vp and haue a rest at Primero.

Welt. Agreed my Lord, and toward the Euening it'll car-
rie you to the Companie.

Feesi. Well no more words.

Exeunt Lord PROUDLY, Lord FEES, WEL-TR.

Grace. I wonder Sir you will walke so and let anie bodie
sit prating to your wife! were I a man I'd thrust 'em out o' th
shop by the head and shoulders.

Sol. There were no pollicie in that wife, so should I loose
their custome, let them talke them selues wearie, and giue
thee loue tokens still, I loose not by it.

Thy

Amends for Ladies.

Thy chastitie's impregnable, I know it,
Had I a dame whose eies did swallow youth,
Whose vnchast gulph together did take in
Masters, and Men, the Foot-boies and their Lords,
Making a Gally-moferie in her blood,
I would not walke thus then; but vertuous wife,
He that in chaste eares poores his ribauld talke
Begets hate to himselfe, and not consent;
And euen as durt throwne hard against a wall
Rebounds and sparkles in the throwers eies,
So ill words viter'd to a vertuous Dame,
Turne and defile the speaker with red shame. *Exeunt.*

Enter HUSBAND and WIFE.

Hus. Z'oonnes, you are a whore, though I entreat him faire
Before his face, in complement, or so,
I not esteeme him truly as this ruff,
Ther's no such thing as friend-ship in the world,
And he that can not sweare, dissemble, lie,
Wants knowledge how to lue, and let him die.

Wife. Sir I did thinke you had esteem'd of him
As you made shew, therefore I vs'd him well,
And yet not so but that the strictest eie
I durst haue made a witnesse of my cariage.

Husb. Plague a your carriage, why he kist your hand,
Look't babies in your eies, and wink't and pink't,
You thought I had esteem'd him, S'blood you whore,
Doe not I know, that you doe know you lie,
When did'st thou heare me say and meane one thing?
Oh I could kick you now, and teare your face
And eate thy Breasts like vdders.

Wife. Sir you may, but if I know what hath deseru'd al this
I am no woman, 'cause he kist my hand, vnwillingly.

Husb. A little lowder pray.

Wife. You are a base fellow, an vnworthie man
As e're poore Gentlewoman match't withall,
Why should you make such shew of loue to any
Without the truth, thy beastly minde is like
Some decaid Tradseman that doth make his wife

Entertaine

Amends for Ladies.

Entertaine those for gaine he not endures,
Pish, swell and burst, I had rather with thy sword
Be hew'd to peeces, then lead such a life,
Out with it valiant sir, I hold you for
A drawer vpon women, not on men,
I will no more conceale your hollow heart,
But e'ne report you as you are in truth.

Hu. b. This is cal'd marriage, stop your mouth you whore.

Wife. Thy mother was a whore if I be one.

Enter SUBTLE.

Hus. You know ther's companie in the house, sweet friend
What haue you writ your letter?

Sub. T'is done, deere friend, I haue made you stay too long
I feare you'll be benighted.

Husb. Fie, no, no,
Madame & sweetest wife farewell, God blesse vs,
Make much of master *Subtle* heere my friend *kisse her.*
Till my returne, which may be ee'n as't happens,
According as my businesse hath successe. *Exit.*

Subt. How will you passe the time, now fairest Mistresse.

Wife. In troth I know not, wiues without their husbands
Me thinks are lowring daies.

Subt. Indeed some wiues
Are like dead bodies in their Husbands absence.

Wife. If any Wife be, I must needs be so
That haue a Husband farre aboue all men,
Vntainted with the humors others haue,
A perfect man, and one that loues you truly,
You see the charge he left of your good vsage.

Subt. Push, hee's an Ass, I know him, a starke Ass.
Of a most barbarous condition,
False-hearted to his friend, tough vnto you,
A most dessembling and perfidious fellow,
I care not if he heard me, this I know,
And will make good vpon him with my sword
Or any for him, for he will not fight.

Wife. Fie seruant, you shew small ciuilitie
And lesse humanitie, d'ce requite

My

Amends for Ladies.

My husbands loue thus ill, or what d'ee thinke
Of mee, that you will vtter to my face
Such harsh, vnfriendly, slanderous iniuries
Euen of my Husband? Sir, forbear I pray
My eares, or your owne tongue, I am no hous-wife
To heare my Husbands meritt thus deprauid.

Subt. His meritt is a halter by this light,
You thinke hee's out of Towne now, no such matter
But gone aside, and hath importun'd me
To trie your chastitie. *Wife.* It cannot be,
Alas he is as free from iea louzie,
And euer was as confidence it selfe,
I know he loues me to, too heartily
To be suspitious, or to proue my truth.

Subt. If I doe faine in ought, ne're may I purchase
The grace I hope for, and faire Misteris
If you haue any spirit, or wit, or sence,
You will be euen with such a wretched slaue,
Heauen knowes I loue you, as the ayre I draw,
Thinke but how finely you may cuckold him,
And safely too, with me, who will report
To him, that you are most inuincible,
Your Chastitie not to be subdu'd by man.

Wife. When you know, I'm a whore.

Subt. A whore, fie, no,
That you haue beene kind, or so, your whore doth liue
In Piet-hatch, Turnebole-streete.

Wife Your whore liues there,
Well Seruant leaue me to my selfe a while,
Returne a-none, but beare this hope away,
T'shall be with you, if I at all doe stray. *Exit, Subtle.*

Why heer's right wordly friendship, ye are well met;
Oh men! what are you? why is our poore sexe
Still made the disgrac't subiects, in these plaies?
For vices, follie and inconstancie?
When were men look't into with such criticall eies
Of obseruation, many would be found
So full of grosse and base corruption,

Amends for Ladies.

That none (vnlesse the Diuell himselfe turn'd writer)
Could faine so badly, to expresse them truely;
Some wiues that had a husband now like mine,
Would yeeld their honors vp, to any man,
Farre be it from my thoughts, oh let me stand,
Thou God of marriage and chastitie,
An honor to my sexe, no iniurie,
Compell the vertue of my breast to yeeld,
Its not reuenge for any wife, to staine
The nuptiall bed, although she be yok't ill,
Who fals, because her husband so hath done,
Cures not his wound, but in her selfe makes one. *Ex. Wife.*

*Enter INGEN reading a letter, sits downe in a Chaire
and stampe with his foote: to him a Seruant.*

Ing. Who brought this Letter?

Seru. A little Irish foot-boy, Sir, he staies without for an
answere.

Ing. Bid him come in Lord.

What deepe dissemblers are these females, all,
How farre vnlike a friend, this Ladie vs'd me,
And heere, how like one mad in loue, she writes:

*Enter MAID like an Irish foot-boy with a dart, and
gloues in his pocket, and a handkercher.*

So blesse me Heauen, but thou art the prettiest boy
That e're ran by a Horse, hast thou dwelt long
With thy faire Mistris?

Maid. I came but this morning, Sir.

Ing. How fares thy Ladie, boy?

Maid. Like to a turtle, that hath lost her mate,
Drooping shee sits, her grieve Sir cannot speake,
Had it a voice articulate, we should know
How, and for what shee suffers; and perhaps,
(But tis vnlikely) giue her Comfort Sir,
Weeping shee sits, and all the sound comes from her,
Is like the murmur of a siluer Brooke,
Which her teares truely, would make there about her,

Sate

Amends for Ladies.

Sate she in any hollow continent.

Ing. Beleeue me boy, thou hast a passionate tong,
Liuely expression, or thy memorie
Hath carried thy lesson well away,
But wherefore mournes thy Ladie?

Maid. Sir, you know,
And would to God I did not know my selfe.

Ing. Ah las, it cannot be for loue to me,
When last I saw her shee reuil'd me (boy)
With bitter'st words, and wish't me neuer more
To approach her sight, and for my marriage, now
I doe sustaine it, as a pennance, due
To the desert, that made her bannish me.

Maid. Sir, I dare sweare, she did presume, no words
Nor dangers, had beene powerfull to restraine
Your comming to her, when she gaue the charge —
But are you married truely?

Ing. Why my Boy?
Dost think I mock my selfe, I sent her gloues.

Maid. The gloues she ha's return'd you Sir by me,
And praies you giue them to some other Ladie
That you'll deceiue next, and be periur'd to.
Sure you haue wrong'd her Sir, she bad me tell you,
She ne're thought goodnesse dwelt in many men,
But what there was of goodnesse in the world,
Shee thought you had it all, but now shee sees
The jewell she esteem'd is counterfeir
That, you are but a common man, your selfe,
A traitor to her, and her verruous loue;
That all men are betrayers and their breasts
As full of dangerous gulphes, as is the Sea,
Where any woman thinking to finde Harbor,
Shee and her honor are pręcipitated,
And neuer to be brought with safetie off:
Ah las my haplesse Ladie, desolate,
Distrest, forsaken Virgin.

Ing. Sure this Boy
Is of an excellent nature, who so newly

Amends for Ladies.

Tane to her seruice, feeles his Mistresse grieffe,
As he and they were old familiar friends,
Why weep'st thou gentle Lad?

Maid. Who hath one teare,
And would not sau't from all occasions,
From Brothers slaughters, and from mothers deaths
To spend it heere, for my distressed Ladie;
But Sir my Ladie did commaund me begg
To see your wife, that I may bare to her
The sad report, what creature could make you
Vntie the hand-fast plighted vnto her.

Enter his Brother like a woman maskt. Ingen kisses her.

Ingen. Wife, wife, come forth-now Gentle boy, be iudge
If such a face as this being paid with scorne
By her I did adore, had not full power
To make me marrie.

Maid. By the God of Loue,
Shees a faire Creature, but faith should be fairer.
My Ladie, Gentle Mistresse, one that thought
Shee had some intrest in this Gentleman,
(Who now is onelie yours) Commaunded me
To kisse your white hand, and to sigh and weepe,
And wish you that content she should haue had
In the fruition of her Loue you hold,
She bad me say, *God giue you ioy*, to both;
Yet this withall (if ye were married)
No one, her foot-steps euer more should meete,
Nor see her face, but in a winding sheete.

Brother. Ahlas poore Ladie, faith I pittie her,
And, but to be i'th same state, could forgoe
Any thing I possesse, to ease her woe.

Maid. Loues blessing light vpon thy gentle soule,
Men raile at women Mistris, but 'tis we
Are false and cruell, ten times more vnkind,
You are smother farre, and of a softer mind:
Sir, I haue one request more.

Ing. Gentle Lad, It must be one of a strange qualitie
That I denie thee, both thy forme, and minde.

Amends for Ladies.

Informe me that thy nurture hath beene better,
Than to betray thee to this present life.

Maid. T'is, that you would vouchsafe to entertaine me,
My feete do tremble vnder me, to beare
My bodie back vnto my vncouth Ladie,
To assure her grieve; what heart so hard, would owe
A tongue, to tell so sad a tale to her?
Ahlas, I dare not looke vpon her eies,
Where wronged loue, fits like the Basilisque,
And sure would kill me for my dire report,
Or rather should not I appeare like death, *{ holding up*
When euery word I speak shot through her hart, *{ his dart.*
More mortallie than his vasparsing dart.

Brother. Let me speake for the Boy.

Ing. To what end (loue?)
No, I will sue to him, to follow me,
Introth I loue thy sweet condition,
And may liue to informe thy Lady of thee;
Come in, drie, drie thine eies, respit thy woe:
The effects of causes, crowne, or ouerthrow.

Enter Lo. PROVD, Lo. FEESIM. WEL-TRID, Ma.
SELDOME, WIDD. BOULD pinning in
a Ruffe, WIFE.

Proud. S'light, what should be become of her, you sweare
she past not forth of dores, and i'th house she is not?

Widd. Did you not see her *Princox*?

Proud. This same Bawd has brought her letters from
some yonger brother, and she is stole away.

Bould. Bawd, I defie you, indeed your Lordship thinkes,
you may make Bawds of whom you please, i'le take my oath
vpon a booke, since I met her in the necessarie house i'th
morning, I ne're set eye on her.

Grace. Shee went not out of dores.

Proud. Sure shee has an inuisible ring.

Feesi. Marrie she's the honestest woman, for some of their
rings are visible enough, the more shame for them, still say
I, let the pond at Islington be search't: gee to, there's more
haue

Amends for Ladies.

haue drown'd themselves for loue this yeare then you are aware of.

Proud. Pish, you are a foole.

Welt. S'hart call him foole againe.

Feeft. By this light and I will, as soone as euer you haue shew'd me the Swaggerers.

Wife. Her clothes are all yonder my Lord.

Grace. And euen those same she had on to day.

Proud. Madam where is your Husband?

Wife. Rid into the Countrie.

Feeft. O' my conscience, rid into France with your sister.

Omnes. Away, away for shame.

Feeft. Why, I hope she is not the first Ladie that has run away with other womens husbands.

Welt. It may be shee's stolne out to see a play.

Proud. Who should goe with her, man?

Wid. Vpon my life you'll heare on her at Master *Ingens* house, some loue past betwixt them, and we heard that he was married to day, to another.

Proud. S'hart, ile go see.

Exit. Proudly.

Welt. Come to the Swaggerers.

Exeunt Feeft. Welt.

Feeft. Mercy vpon me, a man or a—Lord now?

Omnes. Heere's a quoile, with a Lord and his sister.

Wid. Princex, hast not thou pin'd in that Ruffe yet, ah! how thou fumblest.

Bond. Troth Madam, I was ne're brought vp to it, t'is Chamber-maids work, and I haue euer liu'd Gentlewoman. And beene vs'd accordingly.

Exeunt.

Actus tertius.

Enter HUSBAND and SVBTLE.

Subt. **S**Hee's a rare wife belecue it Sir, were all such,
Wee neuer should haue false inheritors.

Husb. Pish friend, there is no woman in the world
Can hould out in the end, If youth, shape, wit,
Met in one subiect, doe assault her aptlie,

For

Amends for Ladies.

For sayling once, you must not faint but trie
Another way, the path of womens minds
Are crooked, and diuerse; they haue by-waies
To leade you to the Pallace of their pleasures,
And you must wooe discretely; first obserue
The disposition of her you attempt,
If shee be sprightly, and heroicall,
Possesse her that you are valiant, and haue spirit,
Talke nothing but of beating euery man
That is your hinderance, though you doe not doe it,
Or dare not, 't is no matter. Be shee free
And of a liberall soule, giue bounteously
To all the seruants, let your angels flye
About the roome, although you borrow'd 'em,
If shee be wittie, so must your discourse
Get wit, what shift so'ere you make for it,
Though 't cost you all your land, and then a song
Or two is not amisse, although you buy 'em,
There's many in the Towne will furnish you.

Subt. But still I tell you, you must vse her roughly,
Beate her face black and blew, take all her cloth's
And giue them to some Punke, this will be ground
For me to worke vpon.

Husb. All this I haue done.
I haue left her now, as bare, that should I die,
Her fortune (O my conscience) would be
To marrie some Tobacco-man, shee has nothing
But an old black-woorke wastcote, which would serue
Exceeding wel to sit i'th shop and light
Pipes for the lowzie Footmen (and sweete friend)
First heere's a jewell to present her, then
Heere is a Sonnet writ against my selfe,
Which as thine owne thou shalt accost her with,
Farewell and happie successe attend thee.

Subt. Ha, ha, ha.

*Fairest, still wilt thou be true
To a man so false to thee?
Did he lend a Husbands due,*

Exit.

[he reads.]

Thou

Amends for Ladies.

Thou did'st owe him loyalty;
But will curses, wants and blowes
Breed no change in thy white soule?
Be not a foole to thy first vowes,
Since his breach, doth thy faith controule,
No beautie else, could be so chaste,
Thinke not thou honour'st women then,
Since by thy conscience, all disgrac't,
Are rob'd of the deare loves of men;
Then grant me my desire that vow to prone
A reall husband, his adulterate loue.

Tooke euer man more paines to be a Cuckold?
Oh! monstrous age where men themselues we see,
Studie and pay for their owne infamie.

Exit.

Enter INGEN, MAID, PROVDLY, BROTHER
like a woman, swords drawn.

Proud. Giue me my sister, Ile haue her forth thy heart.

Ing. No earthly Lord can pull her out of that,
Till he haue pluckt my heart first out, my Lord
Wer't not inhospitable, I could wrong you heere
In mine owne house, I am so full of woe,
For your lost sister, that by all my ioyes
Hop't for in her, my heart weepes teares of bloud,
A whiter virgine, and a worthier,
Had ne're creation: *Læda's* Swan was black
To her virginittie, and immaculate thoughts.

Proud. Where hast thou hid her? giue her me againe,
For by the God of vengeance, be she lost,
The female hate shall spring betwixt our names,
Shall neuer die, while one of either house
Survives, our children shall at seuen yeares olde
Strike knives in one another.

Ing. Let Hell gape
And take me quick, if I know where she is,
But am so charg'd with sorrow for her losse,
Being the cause of it (as no doubt I am)
That I had rather tal vpon my sword [*Offering to kill himselfe*
Then breath a minute longer. *Broth.* Oh sir! hold.

Proud.

Amends for Ladies.

Proud. Thou shalt not neede, I haue a sword to bathe
In thy false blood, inhumane murderer.

Maid. Good Sir be pacified, i'll goe, i'll run
Many a mile to finde your sister out;
Shee neuer was so desperate of grace,
By violence to rob her selfe of life,
And so her soule in danger; comfort Sir,
Shee's but retir'd somewhere on my life.

Ing. Preethee let me alone—— [To his Brother.
Doe I stand to defend that wretched life
That is in doubt of hers, heere worthy Lord,
Behold a breast, fram'd of thy sisters loue,
Hew it, for thou shalt strike but on a stock,
Since she is gone that was the cause it liu'd.

Proud. Out false dissembler, art not married?

Ing. No, behold, it is my yonger brother drest, *(Plucks
off his
headtire*
A man, no woman, that hath guld the world,
Intended for a happier euent
Than this that follow'd, that she now is gone,
Oh fond experiments of simple man,
Foole to thy fate, since all thy project men't
But mirth, is now conuerted vnto death.

Maid. Oh doe not burst me joy, that modestie *aside.*
Would let me show my selfe to finish all.

Proud. Nay, then thou hast my sister somewhere villain,
Tis plaine now, thou wilt steale thy marriage,
Shee is no match for thee, assure thy selfe.
If all the law in England, or my friends
Can crosse it, t' shall not be.

Ing. Would t'were so well,
And that I knew the Ladie to be safe.
Giue me no ill words; Sir, this Boy and I
Will wander like two Pilgrimes, till we finde her:
If you doe loue her as you talke, doe so:
The loue or grieffe that is exprest in words,
Is sleight and easie, t'is but shallow woe
That makes a noise, deep'st waters stillest goe;
I loue her better then thy parents did,

E

Which

Amends for Ladies.

Which is beyond a Brother.

Proud. Slaue, thou liest. *Ing.* Z'ones. [*about to strike Broth.* Kill him.

Maid. Oh hold ; Sir, you dishonour much your brother,
To counsaile him 'gainst hospitalitie,
To strike in his owne house.

Ing. You, Lord insolent, I will fight with you,
Take this, as a challenge, and set your time.

Proud. To morrow morning *Ingen,*
Tis that I couet, and prouoke thee for.

Bro. Wil you not strike him now? *Ing.* No, my good Boy
Is both discrete and just in his aduise.

Thy glories are to last but for a day ;
Giue me thy hand, to morrow morning thou shalt be no Lo.

Proud. To morrow noone, thou shalt not be at all.

Ing. Pish, why should you thinke so, haue not I armes,
A soule as bold as yours, a sword as true :
I doe not thinke your Honor in the field
Without your Lordships liueries will haue oddes.

Pr. Farewell, and lets haue no excuses, pray. *Exit. Pr.*

Ing. I warrant you, pray say your prayers to night,
And bring no ink-horne wee, to set your hand to
A satisfactorie recantation. *Exit.*

Maid. Oh wretched Maid, whose sword can I pray for ?
But by the others losse, I must find death,
Oh odious brother, if he kill my loue :
Oh bloodie Loue, if he should kill my brother ;
Dispaire on both sides of my discontent,
Tel's me no safetie rests but to preuent. *Exit.*

Enter WIDDOVV and BOULD like Princ Cox.

Wid. What's a clock *Princ Cox?*

Bould. Bed-time an't please you Madame.

Wid. Come, vndresse me, would God had made me a man.

Bould. Why, Madame?

Wid. Because I would haue beene in bed as soone as they,
wee are so long vnpinning and unlacing.

Bou. Yet many of vs Madame are quickly vndone some-
time, but heerein we haue the aduantage of men, though
they

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they can be a bed sooner than we, it's a great while when they are a bed e're they can get vp.

Wid. Indeed if they be well laid *Princex*, one cannot get them vp againe in hast.

Bould. Oh God Madame, how meane you that, I hope you know, ill things taken into a Gentlewomans eares, are the quick corrupters of maiden modestie, I would be loath to continue in any seruice vnfit for my virgin estate, or where the world should take any notice of light behauiour in the Ladie I follow: for Madame, the maine point of chastitie in a Ladie, is to build the rock of a good opinion amongst the people by circumstances, and a faire shew she must make, *Si, non casto, s'amen casta* Madame, and though wit be a wanton Madame: yet I beseech your Lady-ship for your owne credit and mine, let the bridle of judgement be alwaies in the chaps of it to giue it head, or restraints it, according as time and place shall be conuenient.

Wid. Precise and learned *Princex*, dost not thou goe to Black-fryers.

Bould. Most frequently Madame, vnworthy vessell that I am to partake or retaine any of the delicious dew, that is there distilled.

Wid. But why shouldst thou aske me what I meant e'ne now, I tell thee there's nothing vtter'd that carries a double fence, one good, one bad, but if the hearer applie it to the worst, the fault lies in his or her corrupt vnderstanding, not in the speaker, for to answere your lattine: *prauis omnia prauis*, beleue me wench, if ill come into my fancie, I will purge it by speech, the lesse will remaine within: a pox of these nise mouth'd creatures, I haue seen a narrow paire of lips vtter as broad a taile, as can be bought for money; Indeed an ill tale vnutter'd, is like a maggot in a nut, it spoiles the whitest kernell.

Bould. You speake most intellegently Madame.

Wid. Ha'it not done yet? thou art an old fumbler I perceiue: me thinkes thou doest not do things like a woman.

Bould. Madame, I doe my endeauour, and the best can doe no more, they that could doe better, it may be would

Si non casto, s'amen casta

Amends for Ladies.

not, and then t'were all one, but rather then be a burthen to your Lady-ship, I protest sincerely, I would beg my bread, therefore I beseech you Madame to hold me excus'd, and let my good will stand for the action.

Wid. Let thy good will stand for the action? If good will would doe it, there's many a Ladie in this Land would be content with her old Lord, and thou canst not be a burthen to me, without thou lie vpon me, and that were preposterous in thy sexe; take no exceptions at what I say, remember you said stand e'ne-now, there was a word for one of your coate indeede.

Bould. If weare Madame, you are verie merrie, God send you good luck, ha's your Ladyship no waters, that you vse at bed-time?

Wid. No introth, *Princex.* *Bould.* No Complexion?

Wid. None but mine own I sweare, did'st thou euer vse any?

Bould. No indeede Madame: now and then a peece of scarlet, or so; a little white and red Cerusse; but in troth Madame, I haue an excellent receipt for a night masque, as euer you heard.

Wid. What is it?

Bould. Bores grease one ounce, Iordane Almouds blanch't and ground a quarterne, red Rose-water, halfe a pint, Mares vrine, newly couer'd, halfe a score drops.

Wid. Fough, no more of thy medicine, if thou lou'st me, few of our Knights errant, when they meete a faire Ladie arrant, in a morning, would thinke her face had lien so plaster'd all night: thou hast had some Apothecarie to thy sweet heart: but leauing this face physick, for (by my troth) it may make others haue good ones; but it makes me make a scur-ue one. Which of all the Gallants in the Towne would'st thou make a husband of, if thou might'st haue him for thy chusing?

Bould. In troth Madame, but you'll say I speake blindly, but let my loue stand a side.

Wid. I think it not fit indeede your loue should stand in the middle.

Boul. I say Master *Bould*; oh, do but marke him Madame,
his

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his leg, his hand, his bodie, & all his members stand in print.

Wid. Out vpon thee *Princox*; no, me thinkes *Wel-tride* a handsome fellow, I like not these starch't Gallants: masculine faces, and masculine gestures please me best.

Bould. How like you Master *Pert*?

Wid. Fie vpon him, when he is in his skarlet clothes, he lookes like a man of waxe, and I had as leue haue a dogge a waxe, I do not thinke but he lies in a case a nights, he walkes as if he were made of gins, as if nature had wrought him in a frame, I haue seene him sit discontented a whole play, because one of the purles of his band was fallen (out of his reach) to order againe.

Bould. Why? *Bould* Madame is cleane contrarie.

Wid. I but that's as ill, each extreame, is a like vicious; his carefull carelesnesse is his studie, he spends as much time to make himselfe flouently, as the other to be spruse, his garters hang cuer on the calues of his legs, his dublet vnbutton'd, and his points vntruss'd, his haire in's eyes like a drunkard, and his hat worne on his hinder part of his head, as if he car'd more for his memorie, than his wit: makes him looke as if he were distracted; *Princox*, I would haue you lie with me, I doe not loue to lie alone.

Bould. With all my heart Madame.

Wid. Are you cleane skind?

Bould. Cleane skind Madame? there's a question, do you thinke I haue the itch? I am an English-woman, I protest, I scorne the motion,

Wid. Nay prithee *Princox* be not angrie, it's a signe of honestie I can tell you.

Bould. Faith Madam I thinke ti's but simple honestie that dwells at the signe of the scab.

Wid. Well, well, come to bed, and wee'll talke further of all these matters.

Exit.

Bould. Fortune, I thanke thee, I will owe thee eies. For this good turne, now is shee mine indeede, Thou hast giuen me that successe my project hop'd Of, false disguise that hast beene true to me, And now be *Bould*, that thou mai'st welcome be.

Exit.

Enter.

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Enter WHOORE-BANG, BOTS, TEARE-CHOPS,
SPIL-BLOVD, and DRAVER: *seuerall*
patches on their faces.

Tear. Dam-me, we will haue more wine, firrha, or wee'l downe into the Seller, and drowne thee in a Butt of Malmesey, and hew all the Hogf-heads in peeces.

Whoore. Hang him rogue, shall he die as honorably as the Duke of Clarence; by this flesh lets haue wine, or I will cut thy head off, haue it roasted and eaten in Pie-corner next Bartholmew-tide.

Draw. Gentlemen, I beseech you consider where you are, Turne-bole streete, a ciuill place, do not disturbe a number a poore Gentlewomen, Master *Whoore-band*, Ma: *Bots*, Ma: *Teare-chops*, and Ma: *Spill-blond*, the Watch are abroad.

Spilb. The Watch? why you rogue, are not we Kings of Turne-bole?

Draw. Yes marrie are yee, Sir, for my part, if you'l be quiet, ile haue a signe made of yee, and it shall be cal'd the foure Kings of Turne-bole.

Bots. Will you fetch vs wine?

Whoore. And a whoore (firrah)

Draw. Why what d'ee thinke of me, am I an Infidell, a Turke, a Pagan, a Sarazin, I haue beene at *Besse Turnups*, and she sweares all the Gentlewomen went to see a Play at the Fortune, and are not come in yet, and she beleeueth they sup with the Players.

Tear. Dam-me, we must kill all those rogues, we shall neuer keepe a whore honest for them.

Bots. Goe your waies, firrha, wee'l haue but a gallon a peice, and an ounce of Tobacco.

Draw. I beseech you, let it be but pottles.

Spilb. S'hart you rogue?

Exit. Draw.

Enter WEL-TRID and FEE-SIMPLE.

Whoore. Master *Well-trid*, welcome as my soule.

Enter DRAVER with *Wine, Plate, and Tobacco.*

Bots. Noble Lad, how do'st thou?

Spilb. As welcome, as the Tobacco and the Wine Boy.

Tear. Dam-me thou art.

Feeb.

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Fee. Blessie mee (saue you Gent.) They haue not one face among 'em. I could wish my selfe well from them, I would I had put out something vpon my returne, I had as leue be at the *Barmuthoes*.

Welt. Pray welcome this Gentleman. *Spilb.* Is he valiant?

Welt. Faith hee's a little faulty that way: somewhat of a bashfull and backward nature, yet I haue brought him amongst you, because he hath a great desire to be flesh'd.

Fee. Yes faith Sir, I haue a great desire to be flesh'd: now Mr. *Well-tri'd* said, hee would bring mee to the onely flesh-mongers in the towne.

Welt. Sir, he cannot endure the sight of Steele.

Whor. Not Steele? zoonies.

*{ Claps his Sword ore
the Table.*

Fee. Now I am going.

Bot. Here's to you sir, i'll fetch you again with a cup of sack.

Fee. I pledge you sir, and begin to you in a cup of Claret:

Welt. Harke you my Lo: what will you say, if I make you beate all these out of the roome?

Fee. What will I say? why I say it is impossible, ti's not in mortall man.

Welt. Well drinke apace, if any braue you, outbraue him, Ile second you, they are a Companie of cowards beleue me.

Fee. By this light I would they were els, if I thought so, I would be vpon the Iack of one of 'em instantly, that same litle Damme. But Mr. *Well-tri'd*, if they be not verie valiant or dare not fight, how come they by such Cuts and gashes, and such broken faces?

Wel. Why their whores strike 'em with Cans, and glasses, and quart pots, if they haue nothing by 'em, they strike 'em with the Poxe, and you know that will lay ones nose as flat as a basket hilt Dagger.

Fee. Well let me alone. *Tear.* This bullie dares not drink.

Fee. Dare I not Sir. *Welt.* Well said, speake to him man.

Fee. You had best trie me Sir.

Spilb. Wee foure will drinke foure healths to foure of the seauen deadly sins, Pride, Drunkenesse, wrath & Lecherie.

Fee. I'll pledge 'em, and I thanke you, I know 'em all, heeres one.

Whore.

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Wh. Which of the sinnes? *Fee.* By my troth e'ne to Pride.

Wel. Why well said, and in this doe not you only pledge your Mistris health, but all the womens in the world.

Fee. So now, this little Cup to Wrath, because he and I are strangers.

Tear. Braue boy, Dam mee he shall be a Rorer.

Fee. Dam mee, I will be a rorer, or't shall cost me a fall.

Botts. The next place that falls, pray let him haue it.

Fee. Well, I haue two of my healths to drinke yet, Lecherie and Drunkenness which en'e shall goe together.

Wel. Why how now my Lord, a Morralist?

Botts. Dame mee, art thou a Lo: what vertues hast thou?

Fee. Vertues? enough to keepe ere a Dam mee Company in England, me thinkes you should thinke it vertue enough to be a Lord.

Whore. Will not you pledge these healths Master *Weltride*? wee'le haue no obseruers.

Wel. Why, *Mounser Whore-bang*? I am no play maker, and for pledging your healths, I loue none of the foure, you drank to so well.

Spilb. Zooncs you shall pledge me this. *Wel.* Shall I?

Fee. Whats the matter, do'st heare *Maister Wel-trid*, vse thine owne discretion, if thou wilt not pledge him, say so? and let me see, if er'e a Dam mee of 'emall, will force thee.

Spilb. Puffe, will your Lordship take anie Tobacco? you Lord, with the white face?

Botts. Heart he cannot put it through his nose.

Fee. Faith you haue neare a nose to put it through, dee heart blow your face sirra.

Tear. Youle pledge me Sir? *Wel.* Indee I will not.

Tear. Dam mee hee shall not then.

Tear. Lord, vse your owne words, Dam mee is mine, I am knowne by it all the towne o're, d'ee heare?

Fee. It is as free for mee as you, d'ee here Patch?

Tear. I haue paid more for't.

Wel. Nay lle beare him witnesse in a truth, his soule lies for my Lord.

Spilb. *Wel-trid*, you are growne proud since you got good

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good Clothes, and haue follow'd your Lord. *{ Strikes, & whoore. I haue knowne you lowzie, Wel- trid, { they scuffle.*

Welt. Rorer you lie.

{ Draw and fight, throw

Dr. Oh Iesu.

{ pots and stooles.

All Sw. Zoones cleaue or be cleft: pell mell, slash armes and legges.

Fee. Hart let me alone with 'em.

Breake off.

Welt. Why now thou art a worthy wight, indeed a Lord a Lorne.

Fee I am a mad man, looke is not that one of their heads?

Welt. Fic no my Lord.

Fee. Dam me but tis, I would not wish you to crosse me a purpose, if you haue anie thing to say to me, so, I am readie.

Welt. Oh braue Lord, manie a rorer thus is made by wine: come it is one of their heads my Lord.

Fee. Why so then, I will haue my 'umour, if you loue me, let's goe breake windowes somewhere.

Welt. Drawer, take your plate, for the reckoning there's some of their cloakes: I will be no shot-log to such.

Draw. Gods blessing o' your heart, for thus ridding the house of them.

Exeunt.

Actus quarti Scena prima.

Enter WIDDOVV vndrest, a sword in her hand, and

BOULD in his shirt, as started from bed.

Wid. **V**Nciwill man, if I should take thy life,
It were not to be weigh'd with thy attempt:
Thou hast for euer lost mee.

Bould. Maddam, why?

Can loue beget losse? Doe I couet you

Vnlawfully? Am I an vnfit man

To make an husband of? Send for a Priest,

First consummate the match, and then to bed

Without more trouble.

Wid. No, I will not doe't.

Bould. Why you confest to mee as you'r Gentlewoman,
I was the man your heart did most affect:

That you did doate vpon my minde and body.

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Wid. So, by the sacred and inuiolate knot
Of marriage, I doe, but will not wed thee.

Bould. Why yet inioy me now. Consider Lady,
That little, but blest time, I was in bed,
Although I lay as by my sisters side,
The world is apt to censure otherwise :
So 'tis necessitie that wee marry now.

Wid. Pish, I regard not (at a straw) the world:
Fame from the tongues of men doth iniury
Of tner then Iustice: and as conscience
Onely makes guilty persons, not report :
(For shew we cleare as springs vnto the world,
If our owne knowledge doe not make vs so,
That is no satisfaction to our selues,)
So stand wee ne're so leproous to mens eye,
It cannot hurt hart-knowne integritie.
You haue trusted to that fond opinion,
This is the way to haue a widdow-hood,
By getting to her bed: Ahlas young man,
Should'st thou thy selfe tell thy companions
Thou hadst dishonour'd mee (as you men haue tongues
Forked and venom'd 'gainst our subiect sexe)
It should not moue me, that know 'tis not so :
Therefore depart, Truth be my vertuous shield.

Bould. Few widdowes would doe thus.

Wid. All modest, would.

Bould. To be in bed and in possession
Euen of the marke I aim'd at, and goe off
Foild and disgrac't, come, come, you'll laugh at me:
Behind my back, publish I wanted spirit,
And mock me to the Ladies, call me childe,
Say you denide me but to trie the heate
And zeale of my affection toward you,
Then clap't vp with a rime, as for example.
*Hee coldly lones, retires, for one vaine triall,
For wee are yeelding, when we make deniall.*

Wid. Seruant I make no question, from this time
You'll hold a more reuerent opinion

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Of some that weare long coates, and tis my pride,
To assure you that there are amongst vs good:
And with this continencie, if you goe away,
I'll be so farre from thinking it defect,
That I will hold you worthiest of men.

Bould. S'hart, I am *Tantalus*, my long'd for fruit
Bobs at my lips, yet still it shrinks from me.
Haue not I that, which men say neuer failes
To o'recome any ?oportunitie?
Come, come, I am too cold in my assault.
By all the vertues, that yet euer were
In man, or woman, I with reuerence
Doe loue thee Ladie, but will be no foole
To let occasion slip, her fore-top from me.

Wid. You will faile this way to, vpon my knees
I doe desire thee to preferue thy vertues,
And with my teares my honor; t'is as bad
To loose our worths to them, or to deceaue
Who haue held worthy opinions of vs,
As to betray trust: all this I implore
For thine owne sake, not mine, as for my selfe,
If thou bee'st violent, by this stupid night,
And all the mischiefes her darke wombe hath bred,
I'll raise the house, I'll crie a rape.

Bo. I hope you will not hang me, that were murther Ladie,
A greater sinne, then lying with me sure.

Wid. Come, flatter not your selfe with argument,
I will exclaime; the law hangs you, not I,
Or if I did, I had rather farre confound
The deereft bodie in the world to me,
Then that, that bodie, should confound my soule.

Bould. Your soule, alas Mistrisse, are you so fond
To thinke her generall destruction
Can be procur'd by such a naturall act,
Which beasts are borne to and haue priuiledge in?
Fie, fie, if this could be, farre happier
Are sensitiue soules in their creation
Than man the prince of creatures, thinke you Heauen

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Regards such mortall deeds, or punisheth
Those acts, for which he hath ordained vs?

Wid. You argue like an Atheist, man is neuer
The prince of creatures, as you call him now,
But in his reason, faile that, he is worse
Than Horse, or Dog, or beasts of wildernesse,
And it is that reason teacheth vs to doe
Our actions vnlike them: then that which you
Termed in them a priuiledge beyond vs,
The basenesse of their being doth expresse,
Compar'd to ours, Horses, Bulls, and Swine,
Doe leape their Dams, because man does not so,
Shall we conclude his making happilesse?

Bould. You put me downe, yet will not put me downe,
I am too gentle, some of you I haue heard,
Loue not these words but force, to haue it done
As they sing prick-song, e'ne at the first sight.

Wid. Go too, keep off, by Heauen and Earth, i'll call else.

Bould. How if no bodie heare you?

Wid. If they doe not,
I'll kill you with mine owne hand, neuer stare,
Or failing that fall on this sword my selfe.

Bould. Oh widdow wonderfull, if thou bee'st not honest.
Now God forgieue my mother and my sisters.
Thinke but how finely Madam vndiscouer'd
For euer you and I, might liue all day your Gentlewoman
To doe you seruice, but all night your man
To doe you seruice, newnesse of the trick,
If nothing else might stirre ye.

Wid. 'Tis a stale one
And was done in the Fleete ten yeares agoe,
Will you begon? the doore is open for you.

Bould. Let me but carrie till the morning Madam,
To send for clothes, shall I goe naked home.

Wid. 'Tis best time now, it is but one a clock,
And you may goe vnscene, I sweare by Heauen,
I would spend all the night to sit and talke w'ee,
If I durst trust you, I doe loue you so,

My

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My bloud forsakes my heart now you depart.

Bould. S'hart, will you marrie me heereafter then?

Wid. No, you are too yong, and I am much too old;
I and vnworthy, and the world will say,
We married not for loue, good morrow seruaut. *Ex. Wid.*

Bould. Why so? these women are the errantst Iuglers in
the World, the wry-leg'd fellow is an Assle to 'em. Well I *{ Mus-*
must haue this widdow, what e're come on't: Faith she has *{ signe. }*
turn'd me out of her seruice verie barely, harke, whats heere,
musique.

Enter SVBTLE with a paper, and his BOY with a cloake.

Subt. Rise Ladie Mistrresse, rise:

The night hath tedious beene,
No sleepe hath fallen into my eies,
Nor slumbers made me sinne.
Is not she a Saint then say,
Thought of whom keepes sinne away?
Rise Madame, rise and giue me light,
Whom darkenesse still will couer,
And ignorance darker than night,
Till thou smile on thy louer;
All want day till thy beautie rise,
For the graie morne breakes from thine eies.

Now sing it firrha. *[The Song sung by the Boy.]*

Subt. S'foote, who's this? yong Master *Bould?* God saue
you, you are an earely stirrer.

Bould. You say true Master *Subtle*, I haue beene earely
vp, but as God helpe me, I was neuer the neere.

Subt. Where haue you beene Sir?

Bould. What's that to you Sir? at a womans labour.

Subt. Very good: I neare tooke you for a man Mid-wife
before.

Bould. The troth is, I haue beene vp all night at dice, &
lost my clothes, good morrow Master *Subtle*, pray God the
Watch be broke vp: I thanke you for my Musique: *Exit:*

Subt. Tis palpable by this aire, her husband being abroad,
Bould has layen with her, and is now conuaid out of doores.
Is this the Ladie *Perfect* with a poxe? The truth is, her ver-

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tuous chastitie, began to make me make a myracle of her,
still holding out to me, notwithstanding her husbands most
barbarous vsage of her, but now indeede t'is no maruaile
since another possessees her. Well Madame, Ile go finde out
your Cuckold, ile be reueng'd on you and tell a tale
Shall tickle him, this is a cheate in loue,
Not to be borne, another to beguile
Me of the game, I plaid for all this while. *Exit.*

Enter WELTRID, and BOULD putting on his doublet,

FEE-SIMPLE on a bed, as in Bould's chamber.

Welt. You see, we made bould with your lodging, indeed,
I did assure my selfe, you were fast for this night.

Bo. But how the Deuill came this foole in your companie?

Welt. S'foote man, I carried him last night among the
Rorers, to flesh him, and by this light he got drunke, and
beate e'm all.

Bould. Why then he can endure the sight of a drawne
sword now?

Welt. Oh God Sir, I thinke in my conscience, he will eate
steele shortlie, I know not how his conuersion will hold
after this sleepe, but in an houre or two (last night) he was
growne such a little dam-me, that I protest, I was afraid of
the spirit, that I my selfe had rais'd in him; but this other
matter of your expulsion thus mads me to the heart; Were
you in bed with her?

Bould. In bed by Heauen.

Welt. Ile be hang'd, if you were not busie to soone, you
should haue let her slept first.

Bould. Z'oones man, she put her hands to my breasts, and
swore I was no maid, now I being eager to proue her words
true, tooke that hint, and would violently haue thrust her
hand lower, when her thought being swifter then my
strength, made her no sooner imagine that she was betrai'd,
but she leapes out of the bed, whips me downe a sword that
hung by, and as, if fortitude and justice had met to assist
her, spight of all argument faire or fowle she forc't me away.

Welt. But is't possible thou should'st haue no more wit,
would'st thou come away vpon any tearmes, but sure ones,
hauiug

Amends for Ladies.

having night, her chamber and her selfe naked in thine armes? By that light, if I had a sonne of 14 whom I had help't thus farre, that had seru'd me so, I would breech him.

Bould. S'hart, what would you haue me done?

Welt. Haue done? done, done twice at least.

Bould. Haue plaid *Tarquin* and rauish't her.

Welt. Pish, *Tarquin* was a block-head, if he had had any wit and could haue spoke, *Lucres* had neuer been rauished, she would haue yeelded, I warrant thee, & so wil any woman.

Bould. I was such an erronious heretique to loue, and women, as thou art, till now.

Welt. God's pretious, it makes me mad, when I thinke on't: was there euer such an obsur'd trick? now will she abuse thee horriblie, say thou art a faint-hearted fellow, a milk-sop and I know not what, as indeede thou art.

Bould. Z'oones, would you had beene in my place.

Welt. Z'oones, I would I had, I would haue so jumb'l'd her honestie: would'st thou be held out at staues end with words? dost not thou know a widdow's a weake vessell, and is easily cast if you close.

Bould. *Weltri'd*, you deale vnfriendly.

Welt. By this light I shal blush to be seen in thy companie.

Bould. Pray leaue my chamber.

Welt. Poxe vpon your chamber,
I care not for your chamber, nor your selfe
More than you care for me.

Bo. S'blood I as little for you. *Welt.* Why fare you well.

Bo. Why, fare-well you. *Weltri'd*, I prithee stay,
Thou know'st I loue thee.

Welt. S'hart, I loue you as well; but for my spleene, or choller I thinke, I haue as much as you.

Bo. Well friend, this is the businesse you must doe for me,
Repaire vnto the widdow, where giue out,
To morrow morne, I shall be married,
Inuite her to the wedding, I haue a trick,
To put vpon this Lord to, whom I made
My instrument to preferre me.

Welt. What shall follow,

Amends for Ladies.

I will not aske, because I meane to see't.

The iars' twixt friends, still keeps their friendship sweet. *Ex.*

Feesi. Why *Weltri'd*, you rogue, whats that a vision?

Bould. Why how now my Lord? who do you call rogue?
the Gentleman you name is my friend, if you were wise I
should be angrie.

Feesi. Angrie with me? why dam me Sir, and you be;
Cut with your sword, it is not with me I tell you

As it was yesterday, I am flesh man, I.

Haue you anything to say to me?

Bould. Nothing but this, how many doe you thinke,
you haue slaine last night?

Feesi. Why five, I neuer kill lesse.

Bould. There was but foure: my Lord, you had best pro-
uide your selfe and begon, three you haue slaine stark dead.

Feesi. You jest.

Bould. T'is most true, *Weltri'd* is fled.

Feesi. Why let the Rorers meddle with me another time,
as for flying, I scorne it, I kild 'em like a man; when did you
euer see a Lord hang for any thing? we may kill whom we
list, marry my conscience pricks me; ah plague a this drinke,
what things it makes vs doe, I doe no more remember this
now than a puppie-dogge.

Oh bloodie Lord that art bedawb'd with gore,
Vaine world adiew, for I will rore no more.

Bould. Nay stay my Lord, I did but trie the tenderesse
of your conscience, all this is nothing so, but to sweeten the
tale (I haue for you) I foretold you this fain'd mischance.

Feesi. Is it a tale belonging to the Widdow?

Bould. I thinke you are a witch.

Feesi. My grand-mother was suspected.

Bould. The Widdow has desired you by me to meete her
to morrow morning at Church in some vnkowne disguise,
least any suspect it, for quoth she,

Long hath he held me fast in his moist hand,

Therefore I will be his in nuptiall band,

Feesi. *Bould*, I haue euer taken you to be my friend, I am
very wise now, and valiant, if this be not true, dam-me Sir,
you

Amends for Ladies.

you are the sonne of a whore, and you lie, and I will make it good with my sword.

Bould. I am, what e're you please Sir, If it be not true, I will goe with you to the Church my selfe, your disguise I haue thought on; the Widdow is your owne. Come, leaue your fooling.

Feeft. If this be true, thou little Boy, *Bould.* *Cant.*
So true, as thou tel'st to me,
To morrow morne when I haue the Widdow,
My deare friend shalt thou be. *Exeunt.*

Enter MAID like the foote-boy: SELDOME with a couple of SERIEANTS, PITS, DONNER.

Maid. Sir, t'is most true and in this shall you be vnlike to other Citizens that arrest
To vndoe Gentlemen: your clemencie heere
perchance saues two liues, one from the others sword,
The other from the Lawes; this morne they fight,
And though your debtor be a Lord, yet should he
Miscarrie, certainly your debt were lost.

Seld. Do'st thou serue the Lord *Proudly*? *Maid.* Sir, I do.

Seld. Well, such a Boy as thou, is worth more money
Then thy Lord owes me, t'is not for the debt
I doe arrest him, but to end this strife,
Which both may loose my money and his life.

Enter Lord PROVDLY with a riding rod.

Pr. My Horse there, Z'oones I would not for the world
He should alight before me in the field,
My name and honor were for euer lost.

Seld. Good morrow to your Honor, I doe heare
Your Lordship this faire morning is to fight,
And for your honor: Did you neuer see
The Play, where the fat Knight hight *Old-castle*,
Did tell you truly what this honor was?

Pr. Why, how now good man flat-cap, what d'ee lack?
Who doe you talke to, firrha? *1. Serg.* We arrest you.

Pr. Arrest me, rogue? I am a Lord ye curs, a Parliament man.

2. Serg. Sir, we arest you though. *Pr.* At whose suit?

Amends for Ladies.

Seld. At mine, Sir.

Pr. Why thou base rogue, did not I set thee vp,
Having no stock, but thy faire shop and wife?

Seld. Into my house with him.

Maid. Away with him, away with him.

Pr. A plot, a trick by Heauen. See *Ingens* foote-boy, 'tis
by his Masters meanes, oh coward, slaue; i'll put in baile, or
pay the debt.

Sel. I, I, I, wee'll talke with you within—thrust him in. *Ex.*

*Enter INGEN looking on his sword and bending it,
his brother like a Man.*

Ing. If I miscarrie *Franck*. I prithee see
All my debts paid, about five hundred pounds
Will fully satisfie all men, and my land
And what I else possesse, by natures right
And thy descent, *Franck*, I make freely thine.

Broth. I know, you doe not thinke I wish you dead
For all the benefit: besides, your spirit
So opposite to counsaile, to auert
Your resolution, that I saue my breath,
Which would be lost in vaine, to expire and spend
Vpon your toe, if you fall vnder him.

Ing. *Franck*, I protest you shall doe iniurie
Vnto my foe, and much disturbance to
Vnto my soule departing, die I heere
Fairely, and on my single enemies sword,
If you should not let him go off vntouch't.
Now by the Master of thy life and mine,
I loue thee Boy, beyond any example,
As well as thou dost me, but should I goe
Thy second to the field, as thou dost mine,
And if thine enemy kild thee like a man,
I would desire, neuer to see him more,
But he should beare himselfe off with those wounds
He had receau'd from thee, for that time safe,
And without persecution by the Law,
For what hap is our foes, might be our owne,
And no mans iudgement, sits in Iustice place,

But

Amends for Ladies.

But weighing other mens as his owne case,

Broth. He has the aduantage of you being a Lord,
For should you kill him, you are sure to die,
And by some Lawyer with a golden tongue,
That cries for right, ten angels on his side;
Your daring meete him, cal'd presumption:
But kill he you, hee, and his noble friends
Haue such a golden snaffle for the jawes
Of man, deuouring Pithagorean Law,
Ther'le reyne her stubborne chaps, e'ne to her taile:
And though she haue yron teeth to meaner men,
So master her, that who displeas'd her most,
She shall lie vnder like a tired jade,
For small boates on rough seas are quickly lost,
But ships ride safe, and cut what by they list.

Ing. Follow what may, I am resolu'd deate Brother,
This monster vallor, that doth feed on men,
Groanes in me for my reputation.

This charge I giue thee to, If I doe die,
Neuer to part from the yong Boy, which late
I entertain'd, but loue him for my sake:
And for my Mistresse the Ladie *Honor*,
Whom to deceiue, I haue deceiu'd my selfe.
If she be dead, pray God I may giue vp
My life a sacrifice on her, brothers sword;
But if thou 'iust to see her gentle brother,
If I be slaine, tell her I dy'de because
I had transgress'd against her worthy loue.
This sword is not well mounted, lets see thine.

Enter MAID like a foote-boy.

Maid. Your staying Sir, is in vaine, for my Lord *Prondly*,
Iust at his taking horse to meete you heere,
At *Seldores* suit the Citizen, was arrested
Vpon an action of two hundred pounds,
I saw it Sir, 'tis true.

Ing. Oh, scurvie Lord,
It had beene a cleaner shift then this to haue had
It hinder'd by command, he being a Lord,

Amends for Ladies.

But I will finde him.

Enter Lord PROUDLY.

Proud. You see, valiant Sir, I haue got loose
For all your stratagem, oh rogue are you there.

{ Pro. stabs

{ his sister.

Ing. Most ignoble Lord.

{ Ingen stabs Proud.

Proud. Coward thou did'st this

{ in the left arme.

That I might be disabled for the fight,
Or that thou might'st haue some excuse to shun me,
But t'is my left arme, thou hast lighted on.
I haue no second; heere are three of you,
If all doe murther me, your consciences
Will more then hang you, damn you; come prepare.

Ing. Brother walk off, & take the boy away, is he hurt much?

Bro. Nothing or very little.

Fr. thrusts the Boy out.

Ing. I le bind your wound vp first, your losse of blood
May sooner make you faint.

Pr. *Ingen*, thou art a worthy Gentleman, for this curtesie,
Go-too i'le saue thy life, come on Sir: hay,
I'le cut your codpeice point Sir, with this thrust,
And then downe goes your breeches.

{ a passe

{ or two.

Ing. Your Lordships merrie

passe.

I had like to haue spoild your cut-worke band.

*Enter MAID like a foote-boy running, BROTHER
after him, Maid kneeles betwixt 'em.*

Maid. Oh Master, hold your hand, my Lord hold yours,
Or let your swords meete in this wretched breast,
Yet you are both well, what blood you haue lost
Giue it as for the iniurie you did, and now be friends,

Pr. S'hart, t'is a louing rogue.

Ing. Kind Boy, stand vp, t'is for thy wound he bleeds,
My wrong is yet vnsatisfied.

Pr. Hence away it is a Sisters losse, that whets my sword.

Mai. Oh stay, my Lord, behold your sister heere
Bleeding by your hand Seruant see your mistresse
Turn'd to thy seruant running by thy Horse,
Whose means it was to haue preuented this, but all in vaine.

{ discouers

{ her selfe.

Broth. Oh noble Ladie.

Ing. Most worthie patterne of all women kind,

Proud. *Ingen*, I am satisfied, put vp your sword.

Sister,

Amends for Ladies.

Sister, you must with me, I haue a husband
The Lord *Fee-simple's* father, old, but rich :
This Gentleman is no match for you ; kneele not,
That portion of yours, I haue consum'd,
Thus marrying, you shall neuer come to want.

Maid. Oh ! sweet my Lord, my brother do not force me,
To breake my faith or to a loathed bed.

Ing. Force you, he shall not, brother beare her hence,
Shee is my wife, and thou shalt finde my cause
Ten times improu'd now. *Pr.* Oh, haue at you Sir.

Ma. Hold, hold for heauens sake, was e're wretched Lady
Put to this hazard ? Sir, let me speake
But one word with him, and i'll goe with you,
And vndergoe, what euer you command.

Proud. Doe't quickly, for I loue no whispering,
T'is strange to see you Madame with a sword,
You should haue come hither in your Ladies cloathes.

Maid. Well, as you please my Lord, you are witnesse,
whatsoe're before
Hath past betwixt vs : thus I doe vndoe.

Were not I mad, to thinke thou could'st loue me
That would'st haue slain my Brother ? *Pr.* Sai'st true sister.

Ing. Oh thou faire creature ! wilt thou be as false as other
Ladies ?

Maid. Thou art my example,
He kisse thee once, farewell for euer, come my Lord, now
Match me, with whom you please, a tumbler.
I must doe this, else had they fought againe.

Pr. Mine own best Sister, farewell M^r. *Ingen. Ex. Pr. & Ma.*

Broth. Oh ancient truth to be denied of no man,
An Eele by'th taile's held surer than a woman. *Exeunt.*

Actus quintus.

Enter SVBTL with HUSBAND.

Subt. S Hee is not to be cast.

Hus. S It cannot be : had you a wife, and I were in your
case.

Amends for Ladies.

Husb. I would be hang'd euen at the chamber doore
Where I attempted, but i'll lay her flat.

Subt. Why tell me truely, would it please you best,
To haue her remaine chaste, or conquered.

Husb. Oh friend it would do me good at the heart
To haue her ouercome, shee do's so brag
And stand vpon her chastitie forsooth.

Subt. Why then in plaine termes Sir, the fort is mine,
Your wife has yeelded, vp-tailes is her song,
The deed is done, come, now, be merrie man.

Husb. Is the deed done indeed? come, come, you jest,
Has my wife yeelded? is vptail's her song?
Faith come, in prose, how got you to the matter first, ha.
Pish, you are so bashfull now.

Subt. Why, by my troth i'll tell you. because you are my
friend, otherwise you must note it is a great hurt to the art
of whooremasterie to discouer, besides the skill was neuer
mine o'th price.

Husb. Very good, on sir.

Subt. At the first she was horrible stiffe against me, then
Sir I tooke her by the hand; which I kiss'd.

Husb. Good Sir.

Subt. And I cal'd her pretie Rogue, and I thrust my fin-
ger betwixt her breasts, and I made lips; at last, I pul'd her
by the chin to me, and I kiss her. *Husb.* Hum, very good.

Subt. So at the first, she kiss very strangely, close, & vn-
toward; then said I to her, thinke but vpon the wrongs, the
intollerable wrongs, the rogue your Husband does you.

Hus. I that was very good, what said she to you then sir?

Subt. Nay, I went on. First quoth I, thinke how he hath
vs'd you, left you no meanes, giuen all your clothes to his
Punckes, struck you, turn'd your gray eies into black ones,
but yet——

Husb. A pretie conceit.

Subt. Quoth I, these things are nothing in the Rascoll,
thinke but what a base Whoore-master, the Rascoll is.

Husb. Did you call me Rascoll so often are you sure.

Subt. Yes, and oftner, for said I, none comes amisse to
the

Amends for Ladies.

the rogue, I haue knowne him quoth I, do three lowzy beggars vnder hedges in the riding of ten mile, and I swore this to.

Huf. Twas verie well, but you did lie. On I pray.

Sub. Pish, one must lie a little, now sir by this time shee began to kisse some what more openly, and familiarlie, her resistance began to slacken, and my assault began to stiffen, the more her Bulwarke decai'd, the more my batterie fortified, at last sir, a little fumbling being past to make the Conquest more difficult, shee perceiving my readines mounted, fals me flat vpon her backe, cries mee out aloud

Ah! alas I yeeld. vse me not roughly friend,
My fort, that like Troy towne, ten yeares hath stood
Besieig'd and shot at did remaine vnwon:

But now tis conquer'd. So the deede was done. *(tale sir.*

Huf. Then came the hottest seruice. Forward with your

Sub. Nay *Catera, quis nescit, lassie requiemus ambo:*

Proueniant medii sic mihi saepe dies.

Huf. Which is as much to say: I am a Cuckold, in all Languages, but sure tis not so, It is impossible my wife should yeeld.

Sub. Hoyday, ene now, it was impossible she should hold out, and now it is impossible she should yeeld, stay you but heere & be an eare witnes to what followes, Ile fetch your wife.— I know he will not stay. *Exit.*

Huf. Good faith Sir but he will. I doe suspect some kna-uerie in this. *Exit.*

Here will I hide my selfe, when thought as gone,
If they doe ought vnfitting I will call
Witnesse, and straight way sue a diuorce.

Enter WIFE and SVBTILL.

Sub. I knew hee would not stay. Now noble Mistresse,
I claime your promise.

Wife. What was that good seruant

Sub. That you would lie with me.

Wife. If with anie man,

• But prithe first consider with thy selfe
• If I should yeeld to thee, what a load thy Conscience

Would

Amends for Ladies.

Would beare about it, for I wish quick thunder
May strike me, If I yet haue lost the truth,
Or whitenesse of the hand I gaue in Church,
And twill not be, thy happinesse (as thou thinkst)
That thou alone should'st make a woman fall,
That did resist all else, but to thy soule
A bitter Corasue, that thou didst staine,
Vertue that else had stood immaculate,
Nor speake I this, as yeelding vnto thee,
For tis not in thy power, wert thou the sweet'st
Of natures Children, and the happiest,
To conquer me, nor in mine owne to yeeld,
And thus it is with euery pious wife.
Thy daylie railing at my absent Husband
Makes me indure thee worse, for let him doe
The most preposterous ill relishing things
To me, they seeme good, since my Husband does 'em,
Nor am I to reuenge or gouerne him,
And thus it should be with all vertuous Wiues.

Sub. Poxe a this vertue and this chasterie,
Doe you know faire Mistresse, a young Gentleman
About this towne cald *Bould*, where did he lie
Last night, sweet Mistris, oh oh, are you catch'd,
I saw him slip out of the house this morne,
As naked as this truth, and for this cause
I haue tould your Husband that you yeelded to me,
And he I warrant you, will blaze it throughly,
As good doe now then as bee thought to doe.

Wife. No, twill not be yet, thou iniurious man,
How wilt thou right me in my Husbands thoughts,
That on a false surmise, and spight hast tould,
A tale to breed vncurable discontent?

Bould was that ould wench that did serue the Widdow,
and thinking by this way to gaine her loue
Mist of his purpose, and was thus cashier'd,
Nor cares shee to proclame it to the world.

Su. Zoons, I haue wrong'd you Mistris. On my knees *kneels*
I aske you pardon, and will neuer more,

Attempt

Amends for Ladies.

Attempt your puritie, but neglect all things
Till that soule wrong I haue bred in your Knight
I haue expeld, and set your loues aright.

Hus. Which now is done already, Madame, wife, *kneeles*
Vpon my knees, with weeping eies, heau'd hands,
I aske thy pardon, oh sweet vertuous creature,
I prithee breake my head.

Wife. Rise, rise, Sir pray:
You haue done no wrong to me, at least I thinke so;
Heauen hath preuented all my iniurie,
I doe forgiue and marrie you a new.
Come, we are all inuited to the weddings,
The Ladie *Honor* to the old rich *Count*.
Yong *Bould* vnto another Gentlewoman,
We and the Widdow are inuited thither,
Embrace and loue, henceforth more really,
Not so like worldlings. *Husb.* Heere then ends all strife.
Thus false friends are made true, by a true wife. *Exeunt*.

Actus quinti Scena prima.

*Enter old COUNT wrapt in furs, the Ladie HONOR drest
like a Bride, the Lord PROVD. WEL-TRID, BOULD,
leading FEE-SIMPLE like a Ladie masqu'd, HUSBAND,
WIFE, SVBTLE with a letter, WIDDOW, to them
BROTHER, SELDOM, and his wife.*

Broth. **E**alth and all joy vnto this faire assemblie,
My brother, who last tide is gone for *France*,
A branch of willow feathering his hat,
Bad me salute you Ladie, and present you
With this same letter written in his blood,
He prays no man, for his sake euermore
To credit woman, nor no Ladie euer
To beleue man, so either sexe shall rest
Vnniur'd by the other, this is all, and this I haue deliuer'd.

Pr. I and well, you pronounce rarely, did you neuer play?

Broth. Yes, that I haue, the soole, as some Lords doe.

Wel. Set forward there. *Count.* Oh, oh, oh, a pox a this cold.

Amends for Ladies.

Wels. A cold a this poxe you might say, I am a feard.

Maid. How full of ghastly wounds this letter shewes,
oh, oh. *swoons.*

Pr. Looke to my sister. *Bon.* S'hart the Ladie swoons.

Wife. Strong-water there.

Feesi. If strong breath would recouer her, I am for her.

Co. Ahlas good Ladie, hum, hum hum. *coughs perpetually*

Subt. He has fet her againe with coughing.

Maid. Conuey me to my bed send for a Priest
And a Physition, your Bride I feare,
In stead of *Epithalamions* shall neede
A Dirge, or Epitaph, oh lead me in,
My bodie dies for my soules periur'd sinne.

Exit. Maid, Grace, Wife, Husb. Subtle.

Bould. Hymen comes towards vs in a mourning robe.

Wels. I hope friend, we shall haue the better day.

Proud. I'll fetch the Parson and Physition *Ex. Lo. Pr.*

Broth. They are both readie for you. *Exit. Broth.*

Wels. Madam, this is the Gentlewoman.

Who something bashfull does desire your pardon, that shee
Does not vnmasque.

Wid. Good Master *Wel-tri'd*, I would not buie her face,
and for her manners if they were worse, they shall not dis-
please me.

Wels. I thanke your Ladyship.

Feesi. Looke, how the old Assle my father stands, he looks
like the Beare in the play, he has kil'd the Ladie with his ve-
rie sight as God helpe me, I haue the most to do to forbear
vnmasquing me, that I might tell him his owne, as can be.

Bould. Fie, by no meanes.

The Widdow comes towards you. *Count.* Oh, oh, oh, oh.

Wid. Seruant, God giue you joy, and Gentlewoman,
Or Ladie as full joy, I wish to you,
Nor doubt that I will hinder you, your loue,
But heere am come to doe all curtesie
To your faire selfe, and husband that shall be.

Feesi. I thank you heartilie. *Wels.* S'hart, speak smaller man.

Feesi. I thanke you heartilie.

Amends for Ladies.

Conn. You're going to this geere to Mr. *Bould*, vm, vm vm.

Bould. Not to your couching geere my Lord, though I be not so olde, or rich as your Lordship, yet I loue a yong wench as well.

Wels. As well, as my Lord, nay by my faith, that you do not, loue a yong wench as well as he, I wonder you will be vnmanerly to say so.

Conn. Faith Master *Wel-tri'd*, troth is I loue them well, but they loue not me, vm, vm, vm, you see, what ill luck, I haue with them, vmp, vmp, vmp, a poxe a this cold still say I.

Wels. Where got you this cold my Lord? it can get in no where that I can see, but at your nostrils, or eies, all the other parts are so barricado'd with furre.

Feefi. It got in at his eies, and made that birdlime there where cupids wings doe hang intangled.

Conn. Is this your wife, that (vm, vm, vm) shall be, Ma. *Bould*, i'll be so bould as kisse her. [*Wid. Bould* whisper aside.

Count. sits in a chaire and fals a sleepe.

Feefi. Sir, forbear, I haue one bould enough to kisse my lips, oh olde coxcombe, kisse thine owne naturall sonne, t'is worse then a Iustices lying with his own daughter, but Mr. *Wel-tri'd* when will the Widdow breake this matter to me?

Wels. Not till the very close of all, she dissembles it yet, because my Lord your Father is heere, and her other suitor *Bould*.

Feefi. That's all one, he's o'th plot a my side:

Wid. T'is needlesse Master *Bould*, but I will doe Any thing you require to satisfie you,
Why should you doubt, I will forbid the banes,
For so your friend, heere tould me? I should rather Doubt that you will not matric.

Be. Madam by heauen, as fully I am resolu'd to marry now,
And will to, if you doe not hinder it,
As euer louer was, only because
The World has taken notice of some passage
Twixt you and me, and then to satisfie
My sweet heart heere, who poore soule is a feard,
To haue some publike disgrace put vpon her,

Amends for Ladies.

I doe require some small thing at your hands.

Wid. Well, I will doe it, and this professe besides,
Married, you shall as welcome be to mee
As mine owne brother, and your selfe faire Ladie,
Euen as my selfe, both to my boord, and bed.

Wel. Ah, ah, how like you that?

Feesi. Now she begins, abundant thanks vnto your widow-hood.

Z'oones my Fathers a sleepe on's wedding day,
I wonder'd where his cough was all this while.

*Enter INGEN like a Doctor: A PARSON, BROTHER,
PROVDLY, SELDOME, MRIS. SELD. HVS-
BAND, WIFE, and SVBTLE.*

Ingen. I pray forbear the chamber, noise does hurt her.
Her sicknesse I ghesse rather of the minde
Than of her bodie, for her pulse beates well,
Her vitall functions not decayd a whit,
But haue their naturall life and operation.
My Lord, be cheer'd, I haue an ingredient about me,
Shall make her well I doubt not.
In Master Parson, it shall be yours I pray,
The soules Physition should haue still the way.

[*Exit Ingen, Parson shuts the doore.*

Wid. How cheeres she pray? *Wife.* In troth exceeding ill!

Ms. Seld. A verie weake woman indeed she is, and surely
I thinke cannot scape it.

Husb. Did you marke how she ey'd the Physition?

Wife. Oh God I, she is very loath to die.

Ms. Seld. I that's n'ere the better signe, I can tell you.

Subt. And when the Parson came to her, she turn'd away,
And still let the Physition hold her by the hand.

Prond. But see what thought the Bride-groome takes,
my conscience knowes now, this is a most praposterous
match, yet for the commoditie, we winck at all incoauen-
encie. My Lord, my Lord.

Count. Vmp, vmp, vmp, I beshrow you for waking of me,
now shall I haue such a fit of coughing, hum, hum——

Bould. Oh haplesse wife, that shall haue thee, that either
must

Amends for Ladies.

must let thee sleepe continually, or be kept waking her selfe by the cough.

Wid. You haue a proper Gentleman to your sonne, my Lord, he were fitter for this yong Ladie than you.

Wels. D'ee marke that againe?

Feeſi. Oh sweet widdow.

Count. He a wife, he a fooles head of his owne.

Feeſi. No, of my Fathers.

Count. What should he doe with a vmp, vmp?

Wife. What with a cough? why he would spit, and that's more than you can doe.

Proud. Your bride my Lord is dead.

Count. Marrie, e'ne God be with her, grieve will not helpe it, vmp, vmp, vmp.

Broth. A most excellent spouse.

Pr. How fares she Mr. Doctor. Z'oons, whats here *looks in*
Bould, Widdow, Wel-tri'd, Fee-simple, hoy-day. *at the*

Husband, Wife, Seldome, Ms. Seld. Subtle: how now? *window*

Feeſi. Looke, looke, the Parson joynes the Doctors hand & hers; now the Do. kisses her by this light. *[omnes whoop.]*

Feeſi. Now goes his gowne off, hoy-day, he has read breeches on: Z'oones, the Physition is got *§ Pistols*
o'th top of her, be like it is the mother she has, *§ for Bro.*
harke the bed creakes.

Pr. S'hart, the doores fast, break 'em open, we are betrai'd.

Bro. No breaking open doores, he that stirs first *§ draws &*
I'll pop a leaden pill into his guts. *§ holds out*

Shall purge him quite away, no hast good friends, *§ a pistoll.*

When they haue done (whats fit) you shall not neede
To breake the doore, they'll open it them selues.

A curtaine drawne, a bed discover'd, Ingen with his sword
in his hand, and a Pistoll, the Ladie in a peti-
coate, the Parson.

Pr. Thy blood base villain shal answere this *§ the Bro. set*
I'll dye thy nuptiall bed in thy hearts gore. *§ back to back*

Ing. Come, come, my Lord, t'is not so easily done,

You know it is not. For this my attempt

Vpon your sister, before God and man

Amends for Ladies.

She was my wife, and n'ere a bed-rid gowt
Shall haue my wench, to get discaies on.

Pr. Well mai' st thou tearme her so that has consented,
Euen with her will to be dishonor'd.

Ing. Not so, yet haue I lyen with her.

Ma. But first (witnesse this Priest) we both were married,

Priest. True it is Domine.

Their contract's run into a marriage,
And that my Lord into a carriage.

Pr. I will vndoe thee Priest.

Priest. 'Tis to late,

I'm vndone already, wine and Tobacco, I defie thee
Thou temporall Lord, *perdy* thou neuer shalt
Keepe me in jayle, and hence springs my reason,
My act is neither Felonie nor Treason.

Fee. I fir, but you do not know, what kindred she may haue.

Omnes. Come, come, there is no remedie.

Wife. And weigh't right in my epinion my honor'd Lord,
And euery bodies else, this is a match,
Fitter ten thousand times, than your intent.

Omnes. Most certaine t'is.

Wid. Besides, this Gentleman your brother in law well
parted, and faire mean'd, and all this come about (you must
conceiue) by your owne sisters wit as well as his.

Ing. Come, come, t'is but getting of me knighted my
Lord, and I shall become your Brother well enough.

Pr. Brother your hand, Lords may haue projects still,
But there's a greater Lord, will haue his will.

Bo. This is dispatcht. Now Madam is the time,
For I long to be at it, your hand sweet heart.

Fee. Now, boyes.

Wid. My Lord, and Gentlemen, I craue your witnesse
To what I now shall vtter. 'Twixt this Gentleman
There has beene some loue passages and my selfe,
Which heere I free him, and take this Ladie.

Welt. Law ye, and take this Ladie.

Wid. Which with a mothers loue, I giue to him,
And wish all joy may crowne their marriage.

Bowld.

Amends for Ladies.

Bould. Nay Madame, yet she is not satisfied.

Bould giues her a ring, and she puts it on her thumb.

Wid. Further, before yee all I take this ring
As an assumpsit, by the vertue of which
I bind my selfe in all my lands and goods,
That in his choice, i'll be no hinderance:
Or by forbidding banes, or claiming him
My selfe for mine, but let the match goe on
Without my check, which he intendeth now.
And once againe I say, I bind my selfe.

Bo. Then once againe, I say, widdow thou 'rt mine:
Priest marrie vs, this match I did intend,
Yee are all witnesses, if thou hinder it,
Widdow your lands and goods are forfeit mine.

Wid. Ha, nay take me to, since there's no remedie,
Your Widdow (without goods) fels scuruiilie.

Omnes. Whoop, God giue you joy.

Count. S'light, I am cozend of all sides, I had good hope
of the Widdow my selfe, but now I see euerie bodie leaues
me sauing vm, vm, vm.

Bo. Troth my Lord, & that will sticke by you I warrant.

Wid. But how Sir, shall we salue this Gentlewoman?

Bo. Hang her whoore. *Wels.* Fie, you are too vnciuill.

Feesi. Whoore in thy face, I doe desie thy taunts.

Bo. Nay hold faire Ladie, now I thinke vpon't.
The old *Count* has no wife, lets make a match.

Omnes. If he be so contented. *Count.* With al my heart.

Bo. Then kisse your Spouse.

Count. S'foot she has a beard: how now, my sonne?

Omnes. T'is the Lord *Fee-simple.* [*Feesi unmasques.*

Feesi. Father, lend me your sword, you and I are made a
couple of fine fooles, are we not? If I were not valiant now,
and meant to beate 'em all, heere would lie a simple dis-
grace vpon vs, a *Fee-simple* one indeed, marke now what i'll
say to 'em, d'ee heare my Masters, Dam-me, yee are all the
sonne of a whoore, and ye lie, and I will make it good with
my sword, this is cal'd Roaring Father.

Subt. I'll not meddle with you Sir.

Means for Ladies.

Fr. You are my blood,

Wels. And I lie by you, you know.

Bo. And I have a charge comming, I must not fight now.

Fests. Has either of you any thing to say to me?

Husb. Not we Sir.

Fests. Then haue I something to say to you. Haue you any thing to say to me?

Broth. Yes marrie haue I Sir.

Fests. Then I haue nothing to say to you, for that's the fashion, Father if you will come away with your cough, doe Let me see how many challenges must I get writ. You shall heere on me beleaue it.

Proud. Nay, wee'll not now part angry, stay the Feasts That must attend the weddings, you shall stay.

Fests. Why, then all friends, I thought you would not haue had the manners to bid vs stay dinner neither.

Husb. Then all are friends, and Ladie, wife, I crowne Thy vertues with this wreath, that may be said,
There's a good wife.

Bo. A Widdow. *Ing.* And a Maid. *Then set Girlands*

Wife. Yet now approu'd the happiest life,
Since each of you hath chang'd to be a wife.

Exeunt.

FINIS.

